

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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A fine city, NORWICH

The visitor to Norwich who wanders down cobbled Elm Hill might well imagine himself back in the Middle Ages, yet this quiet street out of the past is only a few yards from the bustling thoroughfares of industrial and commercial Norwich. For make no mistake, Norwich has more to be proud of than lovely relics of bygone years. There are, for example, the Norwich Union Insurance Societies, founded in the city in 1797 by Thomas Bignold. His basic principles of first-class insurance at moderate premiums are still upheld by his successors, allied to a modern progressive outlook that has carried the Norwich Union's business to every corner of the free world.



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*'Ring out the Old
Ring in the New'
Snow falls and snowdrops.
Ponds freeze and become
unbearable.*



*Water pipes, which should have
been lagged in the Autumn,
burst open. So also
do crocuses.*

Resolutions break - ah well

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL -

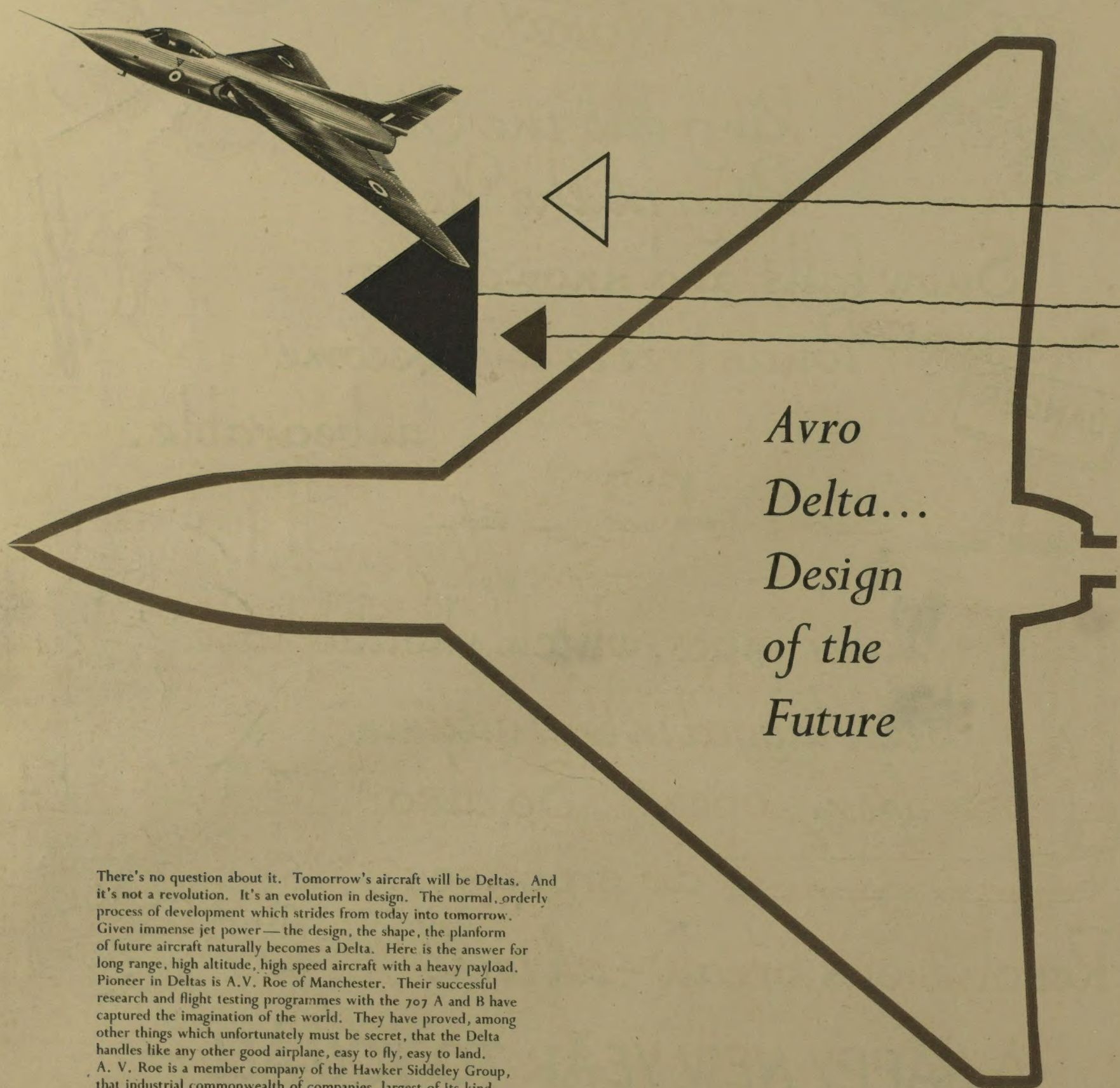
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1952.



ON THE EVE OF DEPARTURE FROM SOUTHAMPTON IN THE QUEEN MARY: THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, CONFERRING WITH MR. WALTER GIFFORD, THE U.S. AMBASSADOR, AND MR. EDEN IN HIS SUITE ON THE MAIN DECK.

Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden, with their party, sailed in the *Queen Mary* for the United States on December 31, where Mr. Churchill is to have talks with President Truman before the opening of the Anglo-American conference on January 7. The Prime Minister and his party went aboard the liner at 1 a.m. on December 30, and she was due to sail at 11.15 a.m. However, the liner's port anchor had become jammed in the hawsepipe and, in spite of efforts to release it by hauling on it with tugs, it was not until a plate had been cut away that the anchor was freed

at about 5.30 p.m. The plate was then re-welded into position. During the afternoon Mr. Churchill, wearing the uniform of an Elder Brother of Trinity House, conferred with Mr. Eden and Mr. Gifford, the U.S. Ambassador, in his suite of three rooms on the main deck. It was announced that a fast cutter would take Mr. Churchill off the liner some eighteen miles from New York and go to the Battery, where a car would be waiting to take him to the airport from which he would travel by air to Washington.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHEN I was young—and I was once—I used from time to time—indeed, in term-time usually once a week—to have to write an *essay*. It is a little difficult to know why, for though most men need to learn how to write a letter or even a business memorandum, very few are ever called upon in adult life to write essays. Yet essays I and my schoolfellows were made to write, and I can only assume that our schoolmasters set us such tasks as a much-needed counterpoise to our exuberant spirits. In somewhat the same way, it may be remembered, Varley, the early nineteenth-century water-colourist, used to say that if it hadn't been for his debts he would have burst for joy. Essays to schoolboys in the early twentieth century were what debts were to grown men a hundred years before. They acted as a kind of ballast.

To-day, nearly forty years after the school-bell rang for me for the last time, I still have to write a weekly essay. Every week, when the fatal day comes round, I find myself anxiously wondering what on earth or in heaven above I can think of and write about that can be of even the slightest interest to the kindly and tolerant readers of this page. For more than a decade and a half

I have scribbled my desultory and wandering thoughts down on paper, and I reckon that by now—for I have never missed a week except once during a printers' strike—I must have written rather over a million words for this journal. The thought, when one considers what it involves for the reader, is truly appalling; think of having to listen to anyone, even a Sydney Smith or a Solomon, talking at large for a million or more words, and never once having an opportunity of answering back. Mercifully, it seems improbable in the extreme that any single man or woman, except a most patient editor, can have read through all my verbal lucubrations, or even half of them, so this intolerable burden of tedium is more hypothetical than actual. The fact

that I have written all these words, however, remains: week after week, essay after essay, generalisation after generalisation, until the mind boggles at the conception of any one man proving such a colossal bore. I have written them in the swaying seats of motor-cars, at desks in a score of cities and counties, on wooden chairs beside municipal bandstands, in country gardens, standing in the corridors of crowded trains, waiting in the vestibules of hotels and in dentists' ante-chambers, on the decks of liners, in aeroplanes on wartime journeys, even, once, in the car of a funicular train on an Alpine mountain, with skis festooned all round me. And I am still writing them and still wondering what will give out first: the patience of my readers or my own alarming capacity for inflicting my views and sentiments on my fellow-creatures. At the beginning of a new year I feel that I should at least apologise for once to my victims for going on so long and so often. What, after sixteen years of a paper monologue, can I have fresh to say that can be of any interest or use to anyone?

However, the stuff I used to write for my schoolmasters was probably no better, and they, too, used to bear with it, though at least they were paid for doing so. Week by week they used to have to read them, and even weigh them up—for the essays of myself and my schoolfellows were awarded marks based on the comparative merits or demerits of our random reflections on such subjects as "Hope," "The Monarchy" and "The White Man's Burden." I remember the youthful zest and abandon with which one used to set about one's task, one eye on the clock and the other on the cricket-bat, squash-racket or magazine with which one intended to

occupy oneself—a hundred times more congenially—the moment the essay had been successfully despatched. Such early hopes nearly always proved liars. Long before one had got to the end of the first paragraph—and at my school no paragraph would pass muster unless it contained at least three sentences—the spring of inspiration ran dry, and one was left, doggedly chewing the end of one's pen (for pencils were forbidden) and trying to scrape ideas out of a mind which had apparently and miraculously achieved that state of complete emptiness and non-consciousness to which, I believe, the more pious professors of the higher oriental philosophies are always, though vainly, endeavouring to attain. One could not at such moments think of a thing. Sometimes, indeed, I find myself in the same position to-day.

Do schoolmasters still, I wonder, set little boys essays to write on such themes as hope and geography? I am told that in the more progressive academies it is now customary to elicit youth's views on more concrete topics, like U.N.O. or the morning's walk to school, or the most exciting incident that has happened to one, personally, in the holidays. The young are trained, it seems, to be journalists, reporters and commentators rather

than essayists; to be little Alistair Cookes or Richard Dimblebys rather than little Francis Bacons or Charles Lamb. That, at least, seems to me an improvement; the goal may be less imposing, but at least it is more accessible. Every now and then, I seem to remember, when our school essays became more than usually banal, brief and "bity," we used to be handed out the works of some of the great classical practitioners of the art of the essay. Personally, the more I desperately studied them, the more firmly I became convinced that their painful art was beyond my reach. If Montaigne's or Addison's mind moved in such ever-flowing, all-embracing circles, mine, I reflected, certainly did not. Little did I guess the wordy future that the Fates had in store for

"A VERY WARM WELCOME HOME" TO THE GLOUCESTERS.



THE FIRST BATTALION OF THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT DRAWN UP IN A HOLLOW SQUARE AT SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS TO RECEIVE THEIR KING'S AND COUNTRY'S WELCOME. THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT (RIGHT) WELCOMING THEM ON BEHALF OF THE COUNTY OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE. On Thursday, December 20, about 700 officers and men of the 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, including four officers and fourteen men of the survivors of the Imjin River battle, arrived at Southampton in the troopship *Empire Fowey*; and on the following morning they received a great welcome, royal, civic and military, at a parade at the docks. A message from the King wishing them "a very warm welcome home after your splendid tour of service in the Far East" was contained in a speech of welcome from the Duke of Gloucester, Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment. The Duke himself was to have been present but was prevented by fog from flying from Northamptonshire, and his message was read by General Sir Edward Wetherall, Colonel of the Regiment. In the civic welcome the Lord Mayor of Bristol and the Mayors of Southampton, Gloucester, Tewkesbury and Cheltenham were associated; and the county's welcome was given by the Duke of Beaufort. The parade was inspected by General Sir Ouvry Roberts, G.O.C.-in-C. Southern Command.

me or for those who in the fullness of time should become my readers.

"God Almighty," wrote Bacon, "first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks. And a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it in the royal ordering of gardens that there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year in which, severally, things of beauty may be then in season." What a miracle of skilled writing this is if one considers it: so much said in so little and framed with such, to use the author's own word, elegance that a man is the politer and better-tempered for its reading. It is only in the light of such an exquisite example of this urbane and mature art that the absurdity of setting adolescent boys to write essays becomes apparent; it is like asking a pack of young scrum-forwards to dance "Les Sylphides." In the entire Anglo-Saxon world to-day there is probably only one man living, Max Beerbohm, with the delicate skill and taste in words to achieve it. And though condemned myself in my declining years to practise, week by week, with clumsy and faltering steps, an art which only the greatest masters of language can ever hope to master, I trust—perhaps as the result of my bad example—that the barbarous habit of compelling schoolboys to go through such painful and ridiculous motions will be abandoned, and relegated for ever to the same limbo of discarded and unnatural severities as dancing-bears and child chimney-sweepers.

LONDON'S BIGGEST FIRE SINCE THE WAR: THE ELDON STREET OUTBREAK.



A DISASTER IN WHICH THREE FIREMEN LOST THEIR LIVES: THE BROAD STREET STATION WAREHOUSE IN ELDON STREET ABLAZE ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 21.



INJURED WHEN A WALL OF THE WAREHOUSE COLLAPSED AND HALF-BURIED A FIRE-ENGINE: FIREMEN RECEIVING FIRST AID AFTER THEY HAD BEEN RESCUED.



AFTER THE BIGGEST FIRE IN LONDON SINCE THE WAR: FIREMEN WORKING AMONG THE DÉBRIS WHICH COVERED THE ROADWAY OUTSIDE THE BROAD STREET STATION WAREHOUSE.

The biggest outbreak of fire in London since the war occurred on the night of December 21, when the Broad Street Station warehouse in Eldon Street was burned out. Three hundred firemen and seventy pumps were called to the outbreak from all parts of the Metropolitan area. The fire was reported at 8 p.m., and was not completely under control until 1.50 a.m. on December 22. Walls collapsed and firemen were struck by falling masonry, and a fire-engine was half buried in rubble. Three firemen were killed and a number of others were taken



SHOWING ON THE LEFT A SMASHED LADDER AND, RIGHT, THE BADLY-DAMAGED FIRE-ENGINE: THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER IN WHICH THREE FIREMEN WERE KILLED.



RECALLING THE DAYS OF THE BLITZ ON LONDON: THE CHARRED AND TANGLED WRECKAGE OF THE WAREHOUSE AFTER THE FIRE HAD BEEN GOT UNDER CONTROL.

to hospital, where eight were detained with fractures and burns, the two most seriously injured being Deputy Chief Officer C. P. McDuell and Fireman W. Smith. On December 27 it was announced that a memorial service for the men killed would be held in St. Paul's Cathedral early in the New Year, and in recognition of the devotion to duty of the firemen engaged in fighting the fire, the Fire Brigade Committee of the L.C.C. directed that disciplinary charges against London firemen who took part in the recent boycott of routine duties should be withdrawn.

IMMORTAL LIBYAN BATTLEFIELDS: TOBRUK AND BIR HACHEIM TO-DAY.



WITH THE BIR, OR WELL, VISIBLE IN THE CENTRE: BIR HACHEIM, ONCE THE SOUTHERN OUTPOST OF THE BRITISH BATTLE-LINE INLAND FROM EL GAZALA, REMEMBERED FOR THE GALLANT FREE FRENCH STAND OF ELEVEN DAYS; AS IT IS TO-DAY, LITTERED WITH WAR DÉBRIS, AND DANGEROUS ON ACCOUNT OF THE NUMBER OF UNEXPLODED MINES.



A NAME FAMOUS IN THE ANNALS OF BRITISH MILITARY HISTORY: TOBRUK, CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH ON JANUARY 21, 1941, BESIEGED BY THE ENEMY, RELIEVED IN 1942, BUT RECAPTURED BY ROMMEL ON JUNE 21, AND FINALLY REGAINED BY THE BRITISH ON NOVEMBER 13, 1942; AS IT IS TO-DAY.

The new State of Libya came into being in December in accordance with United Nations resolutions of 1949 and 1950, and, as noted in our last week's issue, is ruled over by a King, the former Emir Sayed Mohammed Idris el Senussi. The territory, which comprises Cyrenaica, Tripolitania and the Fezzan, contains many battlefields remembered in the military annals of the Allies, and above all of the British in the North African campaign of World War II. Bir Hacheim, which was the southern anchor of the British line during Rommel's counter-offensive of

June, 1942, was then held by a Free French garrison, who, after an eleven-days siege, were forced to withdraw and allow Rommel's full strength to be hurled at Tobruk. To-day the wrecked enemy tanks have been salvaged, a dangerous operation, as there are still many unexploded mines, but otherwise the battlefield remains as it was. At times the sudden alterations in temperature cause unexploded ammunition to detonate. Tobruk port has been cleared of the wrecks which once blocked it, but debris of war surrounds the fortress.



CELEBRATING THE CREATION OF LIBYA AS AN INDEPENDENT KINGDOM: CROWDS CARRYING BANNERS IN FRONT OF THE PALACE IN BENGHAZI ON CHRISTMAS EVE.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE PLAUDITS OF THE PEOPLE FROM A BALCONY OF THE PALACE, FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY MARSHAL GRAZIANI, MUSSOLINI'S GOVERNOR: KING IDRIS I.

THE LAUNCHING OF A BOLD POLITICAL EXPERIMENT: THE FIRST KING OF ALL LIBYA PROCLAIMED IN BENGHAZI.

What has been described as "an unusually bold experiment in political architecture"—the creation of a free and independent state of Libya—was launched on December 24. Last week we gave a portrait of King Idris I. of Libya, and on this page we illustrate scenes on Independence Day in Benghazi, his capital. Cheering crowds paraded the streets with flags, and the new King made a speech broadcast to an assembly including the U.N. Commissioner

Mr. A. Pelt and Sir Alec Kirkbride, first British Minister to Libya, in which he pledged his country to "attain the place it deserved among the free nations." King George VI. sent a message of congratulation, as did the British Foreign Minister, Mr. Anthony Eden. The provisional Federal Prime Minister, Mahmud Bey Muntasser, resigned, and was then asked to form the first all-Libyan Government, which has applied for membership of the United Nations.



A HAPPY HUNTING-GROUND FOR SOUVENIR COLLECTORS: HITLER'S CHALET AT BERCHTESGADEN; VISITORS EXAMINING A TILE.

AFTER lengthy negotiations between the American and German authorities, the Bavarian Minister of Finance commissioned a civilian building firm to demolish the former Nazi leaders' homes and the S.S. barracks at Berchtesgaden. Hitler's estate at Berchtesgaden was bombed by the R.A.F. on April 25, 1945, and occupied by U.S. troops on May 4, 1945. Since the war, visitors to the Bavarian mountains have been able to inspect the smoke-blackened ruins of the chalet, the S.S. barracks and administrative buildings. Some of the visitors, by writing slogans on the walls have revealed either Nazi or Communist sympathies. (Continued opposite.)



BEFORE BEING SOLD FOR SCRAP: THE SHELL OF A SAFE IN THE RUINS OF A NAZI STRONG ROOM IN THE BERGHOF.



ONCE CONSIDERED PART OF THE HUB OF THE SOUTHERN REIGOUT AND A "NO SURRENDER" FORTRESS: THE BERGHOF. AMERICAN VISITORS' CARS ARE IN THE DRIVE.



COMMANDING WONDERFUL ALPINE VIEWS ON THE SLOPES OF THE GARTENHAUS (LEFT FOREGROUND), THE S.S. BARRACKS (RIGHT)



LEADING INTO WHAT WAS ONCE ONE OF HITLER'S FAVOURITE RETREATS: THE ENTRANCE TO HIS BERCHTESGADEN CHALET.



TO BE DEMOLISHED TOGETHER WITH THE RUINED CHALET: HITLER'S GARAGE, WHICH ONCE HOUSED THE HUGE Mercedes in which the Führer drove to and from the nearest airport.

THE LAST DAYS OF BERCHTESGADEN: HITLER'S RUINED CHALET—ONCE HIS FAVOURITE RETREAT—

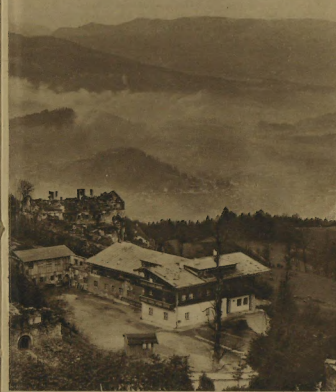


THE INTERIOR OF HITLER'S CHALET BEFORE DEMOLITION: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE SOLIDITY OF THE WALLS AND FLOORS.

(Continued) sympathies, so that it has been thought wiser to remove all traces of the buildings so as to prevent them ever becoming places of pilgrimage. Hitler's tea-house on Kehlstein, still being used by the U.S. Army, will not be destroyed; and some other buildings in the vicinity not directly connected with the Nazis are to remain. Reafforestation is planned for the whole area, although former owners of the land who were dispossessed by Hitler are claiming rights there again, and a High Court case is pending to decide the legal position. Eventually Hitler's tea-house may be converted into a mountain Youth Hostel or a sanatorium.



DEMOLITION WORK IN PROGRESS AT THE BERGHOF: A TRUCK TAKING AWAY BUILDING MATERIAL, WHICH IS TO BE SOLD.



OVERSALZBERG, NEAR BERCHTESGADEN: THE RUINS OF THE WINTER- AND THE BERGHOF—HITLER'S CHALET—IN THE BACKGROUND.



"KEEP OUT. BUILDING UNSAFE. NO UNAUTHORISED ADMITTANCE": A WARNING NOTICE ON THE WALLS OF THE BERGHOF. ON THESE STEPS HITLER MET CHAMBERLAIN.



AN EYEBROW AMID THE LOVELY MOUNTAIN SCENERY: TWISTED METAL AND RUBBLE IN THE RUINS OF HITLER'S CHALET. AFTER THE DEMOLITIONS, REAFFORESTATION IS PLANNED FOR THE WHOLE AREA.

WHICH IS BEING ENTIRELY DEMOLISHED TO PREVENT IT EVER BECOMING A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE.



A RELIC OF THE NAZIS: THE ELABORATE ENTRANCE TO THE S.S. BARRACKS AT BERCHTESGADEN, WHICH ARE TO BE DEMOLISHED.

SOME GREAT VICTORIAN WRITERS.

"WILKIE COLLINS, LE FANU AND OTHERS"; BY S. M. ELLIS.*

THE publishers say of this book: "This book was first published in 1931. During the twenty years which have elapsed since its original appearance interest in the Victorian writers treated by S. M. Ellis has greatly increased, and a re-issue of these informative essays should find a welcome." A welcome it certainly gets from me: it is an engrossing book and I missed it when it first came out. But, since the publishers have thought it worth while to re-issue it, with careful bibliographies of the authors dealt with, I think they might have taken the pains to add a few footnotes to statements which are now out of date and might well mislead members of the younger generation. I give one example only. George Lawrence, author of that once-celebrated Ouidaesque novel, "Guy Livingstone," had a son. Of him it is said: "George Patrick Lawrence unsuccessfully contested the Guildford constituency of Surrey against Mr. St. John Brodrick (now Earl of Midleton) some twenty-three years ago. He died in 1908, also at the age of forty-nine." But Lord Midleton of Peper Harow (he once told me, with a smile, that that was Anglo-Saxon for Beaver Brook) has been dead also for some years now, following to the grave two good sons killed in the war. If a book of 1700 is reprinted we need no footnotes informing us that persons mentioned are now "the late." But a re-issue of a book so recent as this should, in that regard, be kept up to date.

Mr. Ellis's book deals, and not at all sketchily, with Wilkie Collins, his brother Charles Allston Collins, Mortimer Collins (an ebullient Bohemian, energetic journalist and versatile versifier, but no relation), R. D. Blackmore, J. S. Le Fanu, Edward Bradley ("Cuthbert Bede"), George Lawrence, Mary Ann and Thomas Hughes, James Crossley, and Mrs. J. H. Riddell.



A GREAT BIBLIOPHILE: JAMES CROSSLEY (1800-1883).
From a drawing by W. G. Baxter, 1880, for "Mamus."

Had Mr. Ellis told twice-told tales about major novelists, nobody, probably, would have thought of reprinting his book, which would most likely have contained nothing "new." But he wrote about lesser men and women, some of whom he personally knew, and some of whom, once well known and now forgotten, he brings back to life. His essays, also, are written in a leisurely way. We do not get the impression that they were dashed off on time for a periodical. Mr. Ellis (I'm extremely sorry, but in the absence of information from the publishers I don't know whether to call him "the late" or not—I hope not, but otherwise Peace to his Ashes) writes like a man at leisure who has had plenty of time in which to discover or verify details of no great importance but of some interest.

One of the details of which he made sure was the origin of the design of the cover of the monthly parts of "Edwin Drood." Only a week or two ago the *Radio Times* (I just managed to stop myself from writing them a letter about it, on the grounds that dog doesn't eat dog) stated that the design was originally drawn by Charles Allston Collins (Wilkie's brother and first husband of Dickens's daughter Kate) and completed by Luke Fildes. Thirty-seven years ago Sir Luke Fildes wrote to Mr. Ellis and said of the cover, "It was not done by me," adding that it was Collins's work, "done before I came on the scene." Twenty years ago Mr. Ellis printed that letter. Yet the legend persists. It would. Everything went

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

wrong with C. A. Collins. Had he persisted with his painting that sensitive man might have become as famous as his pre-Raphaelite friends. When he became an author he wrote one successful book, "A Cruise Upon Wheels," and even in that respect he has been posthumously unlucky. A publisher thought it worth while to re-issue it in 1926, and left out the author's own illustrations in favour of pictures by a new man.



AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE" AND OTHER WORKS OF FICTION: WILKIE COLLINS (1824-1889). FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY LESLIE WARD (Spy) MADE IN 1862, WHEN THE ARTIST WAS ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

By permission of the Misses Ward.

Mr. Ellis's book has prompted me to obtain all sorts of books (including some of Mrs. Riddell's) which I have never read. But all such prompting apart, it is a very amusing book in itself—as a book, and not merely a book about books. All sorts of odd things are contained in it. We are told, for instance, that the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" "has recorded how a guinea presented to him in childhood by the Duchess of Buckingham was commandeered by his grandmother and expended on a gorgeously bound copy of Milton, which, she said, would be a lasting memorial for him when he grew up, and far, far better than squandering the money on the passing pleasures of tops and sweets, but, as he adds, 'I owe to my grandmother a dislike of Milton's poetry.'" In that same essay about Tom Hughes there is a

Wiltshire vernacular ballad, new to me, about White Horse Hill, beginning:

Ah, zur, I can remember well
The stories the old folk do tell;
Upon this hill which here is zeen
Many a battle there has been.

If it is true as I heerd zay,
King Gaarge did here the dragon zlay,
And down below, on yonder hill,
They buried he, as I've heerd tell.

There is something touching there in the amalgamation, in a simple shepherd's mind, of the legendary saint and the distant monarch, both emblems of a well-loved England.

Equally racy of the soil, but of another soil than ours, is a letter sent to Le Fanu by a Limerick man who had been assisted with his passage-money to America:

Honoured Sir, God bless you for what you sent me. If I gets on I'll send as much back: but if I dies, plaze God I'll meet you in the Lizzum fields, and pay your honour then. But any way you always have the prayers of your humble servant,

MICHAEL BRIEN.

P.S.—Is there any one here that ever done anything to injure or offend you, that your honour would like anything to be done to? I'd like to do something for your honour before I goes, to show how thankful I am.

What a good offer to have to decline!

The oddest character in all Mr. Ellis's collection is James Crossley, the Manchester lawyer and bibliophile, who, except for a few odd papers, wasn't an author at all, but had it in him to be a Montaigne or a Lamb. When he was but twenty-five his friend Harrison Ainsworth sent him a word-portrait of himself:



To Mr. Ellis Esq.
From Brinsley Le Fanu.
Oct. 1916.

NOVELIST AND JOURNALIST: JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU (1814-1873).
From an ink drawing by the novelist's son, Brinsley Le Fanu, 1916.
Illustrations reproduced from the book "Wilkie Collins, Le Fanu and Others," by courtesy of the publisher, Constable and Co., Ltd.

"A vision of a man clothed in blue coat and black trousers, with a soiled yesterday's cravat under his ear in place of his chin. This being Sunday his hair is twisted on to the scalp and slightly singed in the bungling attempt of some booby barber. He wears a pair of shoes with the heels forced down. There is a little lather on his ear from the recent effect of shaving, his eye has a lack-lustre, comical sort of expression, his right hand is stretched over a book, the other contains a cup of coffee just raised from a slopped tea-tray—his mind is full of *Pepys's Memoirs* but I forbear. Ha! ha! ha! ha! oh! Crossley, this is the picture I would draw for you, but what I would not permit your enemy to do."

The eccentric young bookworm was a competent lawyer and became an enchanting old bachelor with a superb library who entertained every great man who ever visited Manchester. He wrote excellent letters and light verse above the ordinary. As I read about him, I thought that he deserved a book to himself far more than many of the persons of both sexes who now find their biographers. If only somebody could discover something scandalous about him . . . but there!



AUTHOR OF "VERDANT GREEN": EDWARD BRADLEY (1827-1889).
From an early photograph sent by his son, Mr. Cuthbert Bradley.
By kind permission of "The Bookman."

* "Wilkie Collins, Le Fanu and Others." By S. M. Ellis. Illustrated. (Constable; 15s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 30 of this issue.



ABOARD THE ILL-FATED *NELLIE BYWATER*: A DRAWING OF THE FORECASTLE, IN THE BOWS, WHICH HAD ACCOMMODATION FOR NINE SEAMEN.

A SEA TRAGEDY: THE SINKING OF THE LAST BRITISH TOPSAIL SCHOONER.

ON December 23 the *Nellie Bywater*, believed to be the only remaining topsail schooner sailing under the British flag, left Falmouth in ballast, bound for the West Indies. The vessel got past Ushant but was then beaten back into the Channel repeatedly and, on the night of December 27, when off Plymouth, she sprang a leak. Her distress signals were not seen until the following morning, when she communicated with the tanker *British Birch*, which sent a wireless signal to Plymouth. The Devonport dockyard tug *Careful* put to sea and arrived on the scene just as the schooner capsized and foundered. With great gallantry the crew of the tug succeeded in rescuing nine people. One, A.B. Albert Henry Willis, plunged into the sea with a lifeline and saved a woman clinging to a lifeline. The captain of the schooner, Mr. Richard England, his wife and a daughter were saved, but another daughter, Josephine, aged seventeen, and John Divers, a member of the crew, were not found. The survivors were taken to hospital in Plymouth and five were detained, suffering from shock and exposure. The *Nellie Bywater* was built at Millom, Cumberland, in 1873 and was registered at Newry, Northern Ireland. Her hull of iron-fastened English oak in places was over 18 ins. thick and of remarkable beauty. Though built originally for the iron-ore trade, she carried in her lifetime a variety of cargoes and has been seen by thousands, for she appeared in the film, "The Elusive Pimpernel," as Sir Percy Blakeney's yacht *Daydream*. Originally the vessel loaded 180 tons of cargo, but her owner-master, Captain England, whose family lived aboard, built-in part of the hold aft for accommodation, reducing her capacity to 100 tons. Mr. David Cobb, R.O.I., made the drawings reproduced on this page shortly before the *Nellie Bywater* set out on her last disastrous voyage.

(RIGHT.) ORIGINALLY GIVING ACCESS TO TWO CABINS, ONE OF WHICH BECAME THE ENGINE-ROOM WHEN AN AUXILIARY DIESEL ENGINE WAS INSTALLED IN 1925: THE SALOON IN THE STERN.



(ABOVE.) PROBABLY THE LAST BRITISH SAILING COASTER TO CARRY SQUARE RIG: THE TOPSAIL SCHOONER *NELLIE BYWATER*, WHICH SANK ON DEC. 28 OFF THE SOUTH DEVON COAST.

(LEFT.) CARRIED ASHORE AFTER BEING RESCUED BY THE DEVONPORT DOCKYARD TUG *CAREFUL*: MR. RICHARD ENGLAND, CAPTAIN OF THE TOPSAIL SCHOONER *NELLIE BYWATER*.

(RIGHT.) THREE OF THE NINE SURVIVORS OF THE SINKING OF THE *NELLIE BYWATER*: (FROM L. TO R.) DAVID WHEELER, NORMAN DAVIES AND MICHAEL GODDARD.





THE LAST STAND OF THE HEROIC GLOUCESTERS: THE SCENE AT BATTALION HEADQUARTERS

In our issue of May 12 last year we published as a double-page a photograph of the remnant of the heroic Gloucesters who found their way back to the Allied lines after the three-day battle of the Imjin River; and we summarised the events of that engagement, in which the 1st Battalion of "The Fore and Afts" added imperishable glory to their already glorious tradition. The end of the engagement may be repeated thus: "Eventually, after 80 hours, during which they were surrounded and without supplies, food and water, and fighting back against heavily outnumbering Chinese 'screaming, blowing bugles, ringing bells and clashing cymbals,' the Battalion Commander (Lieut.-Colonel J. P. Carne) split

the Battalion into three groups, with instructions that each was to infiltrate back to friendly positions. Approximately 200 wounded, with two medical officers and the Battalion Commander, remained in the area of the initial engagement. One of the three groups . . . fought their way out to our lines." When the Battalion returned to England on December 20, the officer commanding this small group who fought their way out, Captain Michael Harvey (who won the Military Cross for his gallantry during the engagement) was among their number, and he has described to our Special Artist the scene on that last dawn, when he led his party from the Battalion Headquarters; and this drawing reconstructs that

DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CAPTAIN BRYAN



ON THE DAWN OF THE LAST DAY, RECONSTRUCTED FROM A SURVIVOR'S PERSONAL DESCRIPTION.

scene from his words. It shows the Battalion Headquarters, which was situated on a hill known as "Feature 235." In the background rise the heights of "Feature 414"; on the extreme right is a dark patch which was "A" Company's position, over-run by the Chinese; while on the extreme left is the point from which Captain Harvey last saw the scene. Lieut.-Colonel Carne can be seen (on one knee) right of centre, calling on Drum-Major Buss to sound the Long Reveille on his bugle. In front of the Colonel are two officers of the 170th Independent Mortar Battery, R.A., one, Major Ward, firing at the advancing Chinese, the other, Captain Washbrook, turning to the Gloucesters' I.O., who is attempting

to summon artillery support on his wireless. Further left is another wireless operator and behind him the Adjutant of the Gloucesters, Captain Farrar-Hockley. Behind the Adjutant is R.S.M. Hobbs, Sten gun in hand. Under the trees on the left can be seen Captain Hickey, the Medical Officer, tending the wounded, and leaning against a tree, with bandaged head, Sergeant Pegler. The officers are wearing berets; the men cap-comforters, and all are wearing pullovers over their battledress. The last main attack of the Chinese is coming from the right; and after giving the three parties time to get away, the Headquarters was at last surrendered to preserve as far as possible the lives of the many wounded.

DE GRINEAU, AND BASED ON DETAILS PERSONALLY SUPPLIED BY CAPTAIN MICHAEL HARVEY, M.C.

STORM HAVOC ON THE SOUTH COAST: SEA WALLS AND HOUSES DEMOLISHED.



FOUNDED BY WILD SEAS WHICH HAD DEMOLISHED A CONCRETE PROTECTIVE WALL: A HOUSE AT SELSEY, SUSSEX, WHICH WAS FLOODED DURING THE WEEK-END OF STORM AND WIND.



DEMOLISHED BY THE GALES OF DECEMBER 29: THE WRECKAGE OF THE GRANDSTAND OF THE PLYMOUTH RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB, BEING CLEARED AWAY.



INDICATING THE VAST AMOUNT OF SHINGLE HURLED UP FROM THE BEACH AT WORTHING: THE PROMENADE, WHICH WAS COVERED BY DÉBRIS; AND DAMAGED. BOATS WERE ALSO THROWN UP ONTO IT.



A FISHING-SMACK ON THE PAVEMENT OF THE LANCING ROAD, WORTHING: THE HIGHWAY, AND PROMENADE AFTER THE SHINGLE HAD BEEN CLEARED AWAY.



WITH THE FOUNDATIONS UNDERMINED SO THAT THE FRONTS COLLAPSED: HOUSES ON THE SEA-FRONT AT SANDGATE, KENT, DEMOLISHED BY THE STORM.



A STRIKING TESTIMONY TO THE FORCE OF THE WILD SEAS WHIPPED UP BY THE GREAT GALE: A PORTION OF THE SEA WALL AT SANDGATE, KENT, SHOWING HOW IT WAS BREACHED.

The south coast of England was swept by fierce gales during the last week-end of 1951, and winds, floods and snow did damage in many northern areas also. Winds, which in some districts reached a velocity of over 90 m.p.h., whipped the sea to an angry frenzy. At least nine people—seven of them in Scotland, where the havoc was very great—were killed. Our photographs indicate the seriousness of the destruction on the south coast. The Isle of Wight suffered greatly, and the Seaview pier, two miles south-east of Ryde, was washed away. At Worthing

the Lancing road was for a time blocked by shingle and debris, and boats were also tossed up onto its surface. At Sandgate, Kent, the sea wall was breached, and the foundations of houses on the sea-front undermined, so that the fronts collapsed; and at Selsey a concrete protective wall was demolished and the house behind it flooded. The 450-year-old Dymchurch wall, the oldest sea defence on Romney Marsh, was breached and soldiers from Canterbury were called in to combat the danger of flooding.

THE INTENSIFIED WAR IN INDO-CHINA: FRENCH AND VIET NAMESE IN ACTION.



(ABOVE) WHERE VIET MINH COMMUNIST FORCES BROKE THROUGH TO OCCUPY THE SIDE OF MT. BAVI: A FRENCH FORTIFIED POST AT VIET, ON THE BLACK RIVER.

(LEFT) VIET NAMESE TROOPS OF THE 18TH VIET NAM INFANTRY BATTALION REINFORCING AN OUTPOST IN THE PHAT-DIEM AREA TO MEET A VIET MINH ATTACK.



AS reported in our issue of Dec. 8, General de Lattre de Tassigny staged in mid-November two brilliant and decisive actions and captured the two vital communications centres of Hoa-Binh and Choben, to the south-west of Hanoi and the Red River delta in Tonkin. As a result of this, the Communist forces of the Viet Minh were confined to the west of the great loop which the Black River makes before joining the Red River. At the end of November the Viet Minh forces attempted a break-out, which was repulsed near Hoa-Binh. Again, about Dec. 10, the Viet Minh staged another

(Continued on right.)



VIET NAMESE TROOPS ENTERING THE RUINS OF A VILLAGE WHICH HAD BEEN DESTROYED BY THE COMMUNIST VIET MINH FORCES DURING RECENT RAIDS NEAR HOA-BINH.



(ABOVE) FRENCH PARACHUTISTS MOVING OUT OF THE TOWN OF PHAT-DIEM, INTO WHICH THEY HAD BEEN PARACHUTED.



AS VIET NAMESE INFANTRYMEN OF THE 18TH BATTALION COMMUNIST POSITIONS AT PHAT-DIEM, A MORTAR CREW SET WHICH MIGHT LIE IN THE UNDERGROWTH

(Continued.)

infiltrate the Delta defences was defeated, very largely by the use of French airborne troops. These French parachute troops have been very largely used in this campaign and have been switched from point to point throughout the operations. On Christmas Day the Viet



TROOPS OF THE FRENCH 5TH AIRBORNE SPAHIS GROUP ON THE ALERT AS THEIR COLUMN IS ATTACKED DURING THE RECENT HEAVY ENGAGEMENTS ON THE BLACK RIVER FRONT.



(ABOVE) TROOPS OF THE FRENCH 5TH COLONIAL PARACHUTE BATTALION SUPPORTED BY A TANK.

Viet Minh troops retained a position between the Black River and Mt. Bavi. During this battle the Viet Minh also staged a heavy flanking attack at Phat-diem, which lies at the extreme south of the Red River delta and is ruled by a Viet Namese bishop of very great power. This attempt to

(Continued below left)

HEAVY FIGHTING NEAR THE RED RIVER: THE START OF A COMMUNIST OFFENSIVE.



(ABOVE) FRENCH PARACHUTE TROOPS LANDING IN A RICE-FIELD IN THE PHAT-DIEM AREA, WHERE THEY CAME TO THE BRUCE AND DROVE BACK A VIET MINH FLANK ATTACK.

(RIGHT) LANDING IN A PADDY-FIELD: FRENCH PARACHUTISTS OF THE 5TH WHICH REPULSED THE VIET MINH ATTEMPT TO BREAK INTO THE DELTA DEFENCE NEAR PHAT-DIEM.



much larger attempt by frontal attack to seize positions to the east of the Black River; and after about a week of fighting, during which the Viet Minh forces are estimated to have lost about 7000 men, French and Viet Namese forces gained the victory, although a strong pocket of



REST ON THEIR ADVANCE TO REINFORCE THE ANTI-AIR MORTAR TO GIVE COVER AGAINST AN AMBUSH BEYOND THE PADDY-FIELDS.

Minh forces made a further heavy attack near Mt. Bavi and began to exert pressure at points all round the Red River periphery. It is observed that their troops are now much better-trained, and it was believed at the date of writing that they were attempting a big offensive.



IN THE CENTRE OF THE HEAVY FIGHTING NEAR THE BLACK RIVER LOOP: ENGINEERS ENGAGED ON MOVING A TREE WHICH HAD BEEN FELLED BY THE VIET MINH AS A BLOCK TO WHEELED TRANSPORT AND TANKS.



A SIDEGLINT OF THE PHAT-DIEM ENGAGEMENT: FRENCH SAPPERS CONSTRUCTING A NEW BRIDGE FOR THE FRENCH AND VIET NAMESE INFANTRYMEN AND AIRBORNE TROOPS WHO REPULSED THE VIET MINH FLANK ATTACK IN THIS AREA.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

"THE R.H.S. DICTIONARY OF GARDENING."*

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

TOWARDS the close of 1951 British horticulture reached a climactic—to use one of those terms which Mr. Winston

Churchill put on the map. "The Royal Horticultural Society's Dictionary of Gardening" has made its appearance. That is an event of immense importance

prototype, John Parkinson's celebrated "Paradisus," published in 1629.

About 100 years later Philip Miller, the Curator of the Botanic Garden at Chelsea, first published "The Gardener's Dictionary," which, in fact, was an encyclopædia. The high standard of this work has influenced the form of horticultural encyclopædias down to the present day. Miller ran through many editions. In 1807 Thomas Martyn produced a four-volume edition, "The Gardener's and Botanist's Dictionary." Later came George Don the Younger's edition. Then, fifty years later, between 1884 and 1888, came the famous "Nicholson," published by L. Upcott Gill. The present "R.H.S. Dictionary," although based upon "Nicholson," and thus derived from Don and Martyn, Miller and Parkinson, is not merely a revised edition of "Nicholson," but an entirely new work.

In 1936, on the initiation of the President and Council of the R.H.S., a committee was set up under the chairmanship of the late J. B. Stevenson to consider ways and means of preparing and producing the Dictionary. The editorship was entrusted to Frederick James Chittenden, who was assisted by a panel of specialist gardeners and scientists, and the illustrations, line drawings, were specially prepared by various artists.

Work on the Dictionary was begun in 1938, and it was expected that it would take about four years to complete it, but war brought innumerable delays and difficulties, not least of which was the tragic and lamented death of the editor in 1950, when there was still a vast amount of work to be done. The final work was undertaken, and most ably carried out, by P. M. Syngé, Editor of the Society's publications, and W. T. Stearn, the Society's erudite Librarian.

It was wisely decided to keep, in the main, to the scheme and style of the original "Nicholson," but to revise all the old matter and, if necessary or desirable, to

replace it with new matter. The needs of horticulturists were kept in the forefront all through, and the descriptions of plants were confined to salient features easily observed, and to those characters which distinguish a species from its allies.

In the same way, when it was found that the



GEORGE NICHOLSON, F.L.S., V.M.H. (1847-1908), THE EDITOR AND ALMOST ENTIRELY THE AUTHOR OF "NICHOLSON"—THE FAMOUS DICTIONARY OF GARDENING, THE OLD STANDARD AND AUTHORITATIVE WORK ON WHICH THE NEW DICTIONARY IS BASED AND WHICH IT SUPERSEDES. George Nicholson was born at Ripon, in Yorkshire, in 1847. He was the son of a nurseryman and worked as one himself until, in 1873, he became clerk to John Smith, the curator at Kew. In 1886 he succeeded to the curatorship and held it until 1901, when, he retired owing to ill health. He wrote widely on horticultural and botanical subjects, but his greatest and best work was the famous "Dictionary" (1884-88). He became a Fellow of the Linnean Society in 1896 and was awarded the Victoria Medal of Honour in 1897 (the year of its institution).

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of The Director, the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew.

not only to British gardeners, but to all English-speaking gardeners in every part of the world. The last event of equal and like importance was the publication of "Nicholson" in 1888. "The Illustrated Dictionary of Gardening, A Practical and Scientific Encyclopædia of Horticulture," to give it its full title and superscription, was edited by George Nicholson, whilst he was Curator of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew. Nicholson died in 1908.

"Nicholson," as it has for long been familiarly known, is a magnificent work, but it has long been out of date, and every year it was becoming more so. Great numbers of plants, both wild species collected the world over, and garden hybrids and varieties, have come into cultivation ever since the publication of the Century Supplement of "Nicholson" in 1908, and many important scientific horticultural techniques have been developed. All the more important new plants and garden techniques have been brought into the new "R.H.S. Dictionary." Yet I, for one, shall retain my copy of "Nicholson" to share a shelf with its up-to-date version. One does not lightly discard what, for fifty years or so, has been one's background, foundation, Bible, mentor and friend. The old "Nicholson" remains as full as ever of solid, sound meat on matters of cultivation, and those techniques which will never alter, whilst the general standard of its illustrations is magnificent. Not all, however, will feel as I do about retaining their copies of "Nicholson." All who can afford it will buy the new work, and many who cannot afford it, but at the same time cannot afford not to, will buy it. This, without doubt, will throw a great many copies of "Nicholson" on the secondhand market, at a price which practically any serious but relatively impecunious gardener can afford. Which is a good thing.

The Preface, "An Historical Note on the Dictionary of Gardening," is interesting reading. It traces the ancestry of the "R.H.S. Dictionary" down from climacteric to climacteric, from its earliest

PENIOCE'REUS (*penios*, thread; the stems being slender). FAM. *Cactaceae*. Plants with slender branches and enormous turnip-like roots; stems 4 or 5-angled, with close-set areoles and small spines. Flowers very large, white, nocturnal; fruit spiny, ovoid, scarlet, edible.



Peniocereus Greggii

P. Greggii. The only species, Mexico. SYN. *Cereus Greggii*. (B.R.C. 2, 166-8; G.C. 34 (1903) 93.)

V. H.

A TYPICAL ILLUSTRATED ITEM FROM THE NEW ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S "DICTIONARY OF GARDENING," REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. THE STRAIGHT LINE BELOW THE SECTION OF STEM AND FLOWER REPRESENTS AN INCH AND, AS IN ALL THE ILLUSTRATIONS, GIVES THE SCALE OF THE FLOWER.

Reproduced from "The Dictionary of Gardening"; by courtesy of the publishers.

FREDERICK JAMES CHITTENDEN, F.L.S., V.M.H. (1873-1950), THE EDITOR OF THE NEW R.H.S. "DICTIONARY OF GARDENING," REVIEWED HERE. F. J. Chittenden was born at West Ham and spent his childhood in Essex. He was a lecturer in biology until appointed director of the laboratory at Wisley in 1907, becoming the Director of Wisley in 1919. In 1908 he became Editor of the Royal Horticultural Society's Journal, a post which he held for thirty-one years. He wrote widely on botany, plant biology and horticulture, and was responsible for the initiation of much valuable research. He was a Fellow of the Linnean Society and a holder of the V.M.H., and he was awarded an O.B.E. in 1950. He died in 1950 before the completion of the "Dictionary," and his work on it was revised and continued by Mr. P. M. Syngé and Mr. W. T. Stearn.

Photograph reproduced from the R.H.S. Journal; by courtesy of the Society.

magnificent engravings that illustrate "Nicholson" were not available, and that entirely fresh illustrations must be prepared, it was decided that these should be helpful to the gardener rather than merely ornamental. In the main, these line drawings, though reasonably adequate and helpful, and never merely ornamental, are not of a particularly high order. A few are so lamentably bad, inadequate and unhelpful, that it is surprising that they ever found their way into a book of such importance. Such a drawing is that of *Saxifraga lingulata*.

There is, however, one feature connected with the illustrations which was absent in "Nicholson," but which is a most welcome and useful guide throughout the "R.H.S. Dictionary." In every instance the scale of the illustrations is indicated by a line, representing 1 in., from which it is at once possible to judge the size of the flower or the plant.

The Royal Horticultural Society, the editor, and, in fact, all who have been connected with the making of the Dictionary are to be thanked and congratulated on a really first-class piece of editing and production, and on a work of the highest value and importance. How wise and how fortunate the Society were in enlisting the Oxford University Press for the publication of this work. They have indeed done their part in a truly worthy manner. The "R.H.S. Dictionary"

is published at ten guineas to the general public and at eight guineas to Fellows of the Society. In this connection, I suggest to all gardening non-Fellows that they join the Society at a cost of two guineas and then buy the Dictionary for eight. The two guineas subscription to the R.H.S. is the best value for money that any gardener can have. The Dictionary is, I suggest, above and outside valuation.

* "The Royal Horticultural Society's Dictionary of Gardening: A Practical and Scientific Encyclopædia of Horticulture." Edited by F. J. Chittenden, assisted by specialists. Four Volumes. (Clarendon Press, Oxford; 10 guineas.)

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"THE EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1771"; BY CHARLES BRANDOIN (FL. c. 1770-81). THE ROYAL ACADEMY WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1768, AND THE FIRST EXHIBITIONS WERE HELD IN LAMBE'S AUCTION ROOMS, PALL MALL. ON VIEW AT BURLINGTON HOUSE IN THE "ROYAL ACADEMY AND ACADEMICIANS" SECTION OF THE CURRENT EXHIBITION.



"THE PRIVATE VIEW OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1881"; BY WILLIAM POWELL FRITH, R.A. (1819-1909), EXHIBITED AT THE R.A. IN 1883. MANY WELL-KNOWN MEN AND WOMEN ARE REPRESENTED, INCLUDING (L.) ANTHONY TROLLOPE AND OSCAR WILDE (R.) SURROUNDED BY "EAGER WORSHIPPERS." (Reproduced by permission of the Executors of the late Major Alfred Ralph Pope.)

OUR ANCESTORS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY AS SEEN BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS: VISITORS AT PALL MALL IN 1771 AND A PRIVATE VIEW AT BURLINGTON HOUSE IN 1881.

The Private View of the current Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, "The First Hundred Years of the Royal Academy, 1769-1868," took place recently and thus our readers will find the works reproduced on this page of topical interest. The painting by Frith recently lent for exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, shows a Private View at Burlington House in 1881, and satirises the "Æsthetic fashions" of the period as well as introducing portraits of Sir W. V. Harcourt, J. Tenniel, Mr. Burdett Coutts, the Archbishop of York, Anthony Trollope, Bright, Gladstone, George du Maurier,

Robert Browning, Professor Huxley, Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., Ellen Terry, Miss Braddon, Baroness Burdett Coutts, Lily Langtry, and other celebrities. Oscar Wilde is shown surrounded by a crowd of "eager worshippers." The water-colour drawing by Brandoin, now on view at the current Burlington House exhibition, depicts one of the first exhibitions of the Royal Academy (founded 1768, which began in Lambe's Auction Rooms, in Pall Mall, and did not come to Burlington House, Piccadilly, to its own Galleries until 1869.



FAITHFULLY FOLLOWING WREN'S DESIGN: THE PLAN FOR ST. BRIDE'S, LOOKING WEST.

The rebuilding of the bombed church of St. Bride, Fleet Street, which will take about three years, is expected to begin in 1953, some 800 years after the first record of the church on the banks of the old Fleet River. In the Great Fire of 1666 St. Bride's was overwhelmed with the whole parish, except sixteen houses, and was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren. The building began in 1671, and the church was opened for service in 1675. The cost was £11,430, including the tower, but not the steeple, the building of which took place between 1701 and 1703, when

Wren was nearly seventy. The spire, described by the poet Henley as "a madrigal in stone," was originally 234 ft. high, but was struck by lightning in 1764; it was rebuilt, but the uppermost 8 ft. were not replaced. It is still, however, the tallest of Wren's steeples. The plans for the new St. Bride's are the work of Mr. W. Godfrey Allen, F.R.I.B.A., Surveyor to the Fabric of St. Paul's Cathedral, who has not only followed Wren's designs but has reverted to the original in several important details. The discovery, in the Guildhall Library, by Mr. Gerald Cobb, of



THE NEW ST. BRIDE'S: THE ARCHITECT'S DESIGN FOR THE RESTORED CHURCH, LOOKING EAST.

a sketch of the east end of the interior of the church within twenty years of Wren's completion of it has been of great assistance. The shortened great east window will now have the full original length and will flood the sanctuary with light. The nave will have a marble pavement of black and white squares. At the west end a gallery for organ, choir and orchestra will be re-created. The new plans will leave room in the centre for the small canopied gallery which Wren designed. The churchyard will be laid out as a terraced garden; and the

ancient Bride Well will be reconstructed. The sum required to restore this ancient church to "all its glory and spiritual power" is £210,000. The appeal for this amount, which was inaugurated on November 21 by the Dean of Westminster, the Very Rev. Dr. A. C. Don, is especially addressed to the members of the Press, for St. Bride's is first and foremost the church of Fleet Street. Contributions to the restoration fund will be most gratefully received by the Hon. Treasurer, Appeal Fund, Church of St. Bride, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.



THE NEW BIRD PAVILION AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM: A VIEW FROM THE NORTH END; SHOWING THE OVAL DOME REPRESENTING A SUMMER SKY WITH MODELS OF WILDFOWL IN FLIGHT AND SOME OF THE DISPLAYS IN WHICH SYSTEMATIC SERIES OF BIRDS ALTERNATE WITH HABITAT GROUPS.



BIRDS OF OUR RIVERS AND SWAMPS: A PAIR OF HERONS IN A REALISTIC MARSHLAND SETTING IN THE NEW BIRD PAVILION.



ONE OF THE HABITAT GROUPS: BIRDS OF THE FARMYARD ARRANGED IN A SETTING WHICH REPRODUCES A TYPICAL "ODD CORNER" ON ANY FARM.

A NOTABLE FEATURE OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM: THE NEW PAVILION FOR BRITISH BIRDS.

In our issue of June 2, 1951, we reproduced a double-page of photographs of the Bird Pavilion at the Natural History Museum in Cromwell Road, South Kensington, which was formally opened on May 30. Here we reproduce a general view of the Pavilion in colour and two of the habitat groups which form part of the displays round the walls. A flying-bomb exploded in Cromwell Road in 1944 and the blast smashed the glass exhibition cases and scattered the specimens over the floor. The Bird Pavilion has risen, like a phoenix, from the ruin, and to-day presents one of the finest means for a budding ornithologist to acquire the groundwork for his study. The Pavilion

is surmounted by a domed ceiling, 52½ ft. long by 31 ft. wide, lit by concealed lighting which gives an impression of infinite depth. Models of wildfowl in flight are suspended from the ceiling. The displays were devised by Mr. J. P. Doncaster, the taxidermy and setting of the specimens was carried out by Mr. A. G. Hayward, and the dioramas were painted by Mr. E. Whatley. Another feature of the Museum is the new Mammal Gallery, where the groups of animals are displayed in the open on "islands" of peat. This treatment gives them a dramatic semblance of life which adds to their interest and might well be extended to other exhibits.

Colour photographs reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



KEEPING WATCH ON LONDON'S BIRDS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is not many years since that I was taken to task for having described, in print, the flight of a sparrow-hawk over the West End of London. And several to whom I have mentioned this have been slightly sceptical. Kestrels have become a familiar sight at several points in Inner London, it is admitted. Indeed, a small group has been resident in a tall tower in South Kensington for years past, and I see them there virtually every day. But a sparrow-hawk—!

There is a publication just out that fully upholds my claim. It is the report for 1950 by the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in the Royal Parks.* In this, the sparrow-hawk is recorded for Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, St. James's Park, the Green Park, Regent's Park, Greenwich Park, Bushy Park, Hampton Court Park, Richmond Park and Kew Gardens. What is more, the bird breeds in the parks in the outer suburbs, so it is not just a casual visitor. But there is really nothing very surprising in this when one remembers the large number of species recorded for the metropolis, breeding or passing through its parks or even its private gardens. We find from this report, for example, that visitors—rare, it is true—include white wagtail, merlin, whimbrel, jack snipe, little ringed plover, great grey shrike, red-necked grebe, shoveler, dunlin and so on. And you do not have to go to the Surrey woods for the nightingale!

The Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in the Royal Parks comprises a dozen or more enthusiastic volunteers, under the chairmanship of Lord Hurcomb, who unobtrusively keep watch on the bird life of the parks. They record the species resident in or visiting the parks, noting their habits and behaviour, and, where necessary, making suggestions likely to improve conditions for the birds themselves. It is just one of the many organisations working unnoticed and largely unappreciated, in so many spheres of life, for the present generation and for posterity.

The results, summarised in this report, make good reading. "During an April snow-storm, a hungry (mallard) drake repeatedly begged for food by tugging Mr. Carr's trouser-leg." An observation such as this sheds far more light on the mental processes of a duck than hours of experimentation in the laboratory, especially when taken in conjunction with others listed in the report. "On 18th July over 150 ducks were noticed gathered off the south shore of the lake near Duck Island, having apparently swum there to look at a dog, which had come to the park without its owner, and had sprawled on the grass near the water's edge. The birds were mostly Mallard, but others in the flock included American Wigeon, Redcrested and Common Pochard and Coot. When the dog got up and walked along the bank, several of the ducks kept up with it on the water." It is a favourite speculation, of layman and zoologist alike, how far animals are capable of intelligent action, and accounts like these offer good materials upon which to base opinions. The concerted actions in face of a potential enemy, the dog in this case, may be and usually are labelled instinctive.

It was once put to me, in a letter from a correspondent, "that if desire is the anticipation of reward, fear is the anticipation of harm; they are, therefore, fundamentally the same. Both desire and fear can be said to be knowledge of the result of an action. Since, therefore, we know that desire and fear are inheritable, surely knowledge gained by experience is

also inheritable." This last sentence leads us into greater depths of controversy than we can attempt to plumb here. But the first part of this statement is stimulating, to say the least of it, and cannot readily be controverted in view of our knowledge of other aspects of animal behaviour. Whether the ducks and the rest had any "knowledge of the result of [their] action" can probably never be proved, but there is a similarity in the way they banded together, forgot mutual and hereditary animosities (as between coot and other species, for example) in the face of a common

upon to meet unusual situations only. The difference between man and the lesser animals is, therefore, quantitative only, and correlated with the differences in the structure of the brain. In this last, man has, of course, a great advantage, but it does not give him a monopoly of intelligence. To determine the degree of difference as between one species and another is, however, more difficult than framing a generalisation. But I prefer to argue that more light will be shed on the problem by the apparently simple observation of animals behaving naturally, in unusual situations, than by any amount of seemingly erudite experimental work in the laboratory.

Naturally, if such speculations are to be kept in their correct perspective, it must be granted that mechanical actions do form an overwhelming percentage of total behaviour. This is seen particularly in the reactions to natural predators. Several examples are given in the report, but the most spectacular account is that given for the gulls in Kensington Gardens. "On two occasions the appearance of a Sparrow-Hawk was seen to produce an immediate and strikingly simultaneous reaction in hundreds of gulls. On 6th January a female hawk appeared over the Round Pond, drifting in circles at a good height. Immediately all the gulls got up, clustered into a compact flock, and in dead silence wheeled fast well below the hawk until it was out of sight. On another occasion in December, by the Serpentine, the sudden silent panicking of feeding gulls indicated the rapid approach of a hawk across the water at low level, in hot pursuit of a sparrow." This sudden and unanimous action is a recurrent feature of animal behaviour, even of human behaviour, and partakes of the appearance of a mass- or group-intelligence.

Against these examples must be set an outstanding instance of the conditioning effect of circumstances. "One interesting fact about the Mallard in Richmond Park is the marked contrast between their pre-war and post-war attitude to human beings. Many of them before the war were largely dependent on visitors for food, and would come fearlessly to the bank for bread. The long interval between 1939, after which the ponds were drained, and 1948 when the refilled beds began to be repopulated by waterfowl, probably saw the extinction or dispersal of the Park ducks or the loss of their habit of dependence. Of the large Mallard population now present, none show the slightest tendency to approach visitors for food." This looks like unintelligent behaviour until we read that on the same ponds a young great crested grebe "in particular seemed quite fearless, and swam confidently within a few yards of the causeway in the presence of visitors, apparently picking up surface insects. Its overconfidence led to its elimination, for one day its mangled body was found on the bank. Probably a dog had seized it." Perhaps ducks are not so dull-witted as we think!

I am sometimes asked to recommend books to those who wish to start making natural history a study. This is not always easy; but here are two, especially for those with limited means, that will enlighten both beginner and experienced naturalist. The first is "Bird Life in the Royal Parks," the second is "Wild Birds and the Land," which contains a series of brief essays on well over fifty well-known British species, beautifully illustrated. Anyone possessing these, and no other books, is still well equipped to make more of a walk, whether through a London park or through the countryside. It may be that in commenting on the Royal Parks report some of my suggestions are overdrawn, but it makes stimulating reading for those who like to look, think—and use a little imagination.



WAITING TO CLEAN THE NEST AFTER FEEDING THE YOUNG: A MALE AND FEMALE JAY, A SPECIES NOW FIRMLY ESTABLISHED IN INNER LONDON.

Among the more handsome of our native birds, jays have long been persecuted for alleged misdeeds. In recent years they have become firmly established as a breeding species in inner London, where they are no longer molested. Wary and unapproachable in the country, jays have become remarkably tame and have adapted themselves to urban life to a surprising degree.



A WELL-ESTABLISHED SPECIES IN LONDON PARKS: A WOODPIGEON AT ITS NEST WITH YOUNG.

Woodpigeons are well established in London parks and even breed in the heart of the City. In Richmond Park in the winter of 1950 their numbers were estimated at 3000, comprising resident birds whose ranks had almost certainly been swollen by immigrants from the Continent, who had come there for the acorn harvest.

Photographs by Eric Hosking, F.R.P.S.

danger, that looks perilously like the behaviour of human beings under similar circumstances. And the behaviour of the hungry mallard is strikingly like that of a hungry man—and to me it seems highly intelligent. After all, snowstorms do not occur every day in this country. Since a mallard is not long-lived, we may reasonably assume that this particular duck was not acting under the stimulus of repeated and bitter experience. In the absence of further data, those who choose to interpret the action of tugging at the trouser-legs as intelligent enterprise can hardly be said incontestably to be wrong. It surely is the case that the day-to-day behaviour of man and animals alike is largely governed by instinct, reflex and other innate or mechanical devices, and that intelligence is called

* "Bird Life in the Royal Parks." Report by the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in the Royal Parks (England and Wales), 1950. (H.M.S.O., London, 1951; 2s.)

"Wild Birds and the Land." Bulletin No. 140 of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. First issued, 1948; latest reprint, 1951. (H.M.S.O., London; 3s.)

HERE AGAIN: TRADITIONAL PANTOMIMES THAT FORM AN INTEGRAL PART OF CHRISTMASTIDE.



"HUMPTY DUMPTY" AT THE PALLADIUM: A SCENE SHOWING (L. TO R.) CAPTAIN FLORENCE (JUDITH ALEXANDER); THE KING (TERRY-THOMAS) AND PRINCESS MIRANDA (JEAN BAYLESS).



"WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS" AT THE WINTER GARDEN THEATRE: THE FAIRIES, LED BY THEIR QUEEN (JUDITH ALEXANDER), ENTICING ONE OF THE CHILDREN AND "CUBBY" INTO THE WOOD.



Continued.
well-timed favourites which make an un-failing appeal. Ballet is invariably an important part of the splendid spectacles of Pantomimes, and "Humpty Dumpty" (London Palladium) opens with a thrilling ride-past of mounted troops "in red cloaks and steel morions, and has a ballet scene, "The Depths of the Ocean," which is extremely effective.

"Aladdin" (London Casino) contains an excellent display of precision dancing by the Tiller Girls, and some good ensembles by the Terry Children. David Davenport, once a member of the "Wells" Ballet, contributes a demoniac dance, and there is some clever tumbling by the

(Continued above, right.)
(LEFT.) "SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: LITTLE SNOW WHITE (RAY OSBORNE) AND ONE OF THE DWARFS IN THE STAGE VERSION OF THE DISNEY FILM.

(SHORT.)
"PUZZ IN BOOTS ON ICE" AT THE EMPRESS HALL: QUEEN FESTIVA (DIANA CRAFTON) DOING AN AGILE "PUZZ" MOVEMENT. THE PANTOMIME IS WRITTEN AND PRODUCED BY STE. MAGUIRE.

PANTOMIME, that traditional British entertainment which has been compared to a Christmas stocking stuffed with every imaginable toy, fantasy and glittering tinsel trifle, has taken possession of its quota of London theatres for the Christmas holidays, and though there are fewer plays for children than usual this season, we have a revival of Sir James Barrie's "Peter Pan" and of "Where the Rainbow Ends," two

(Continued below.)



"ALADDIN" AT THE LONDON CASINO: KAZIM (DAVID DAVENPORT), PRINCESS (JULIE ANDREWS), THE EMPEROR (MARTIN LAWRENCE).



"ARCHIE ANDREWS' CHRISTMAS PARTY" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE: "EDUCATING ARCHIE," WITH ARCHIE ANDREWS IN BED, AND PETER BROUGH BESIDE HIM.



ARABAZAR (WALTER CRISHAM), ALADDIN (JEAN CARSON), THE AND THE WIDOW (NAT JACKLEY). (Drawn by Harold W. Hailstone.)



"PETER PAN" AT THE SCALA THEATRE: PETER (JOAN GREENWOOD) FLYING WITH WENDY (SHIRLEY LORIMER) AND LIZA (YVONNE PRESTIGE), A REHEARSAL PHOTOGRAPH.

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NURSERY FAVOURITES IN SOME NEW GUISES: ENTERTAINMENTS FOR BOTH YOUNG AND OLD.

(LEFT.)
ENJOYING A REHEARSAL OF THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME "PUZZ IN BOOTS ON ICE": "A HERALD" (DOREEN RUSSELL MURPHY); KING FERDINAND (ERIC WAITE) AND KING DRAGON (SHIRLEY BURN).

Continued.
Olander. "Cinderella" (Princes Theatre) has a good few dance numbers, including the Barber Brothers in a grotesque dance with long-toed boots and one on stilts; and there is the Adagio Team, "Mabel and the Four Chesters," as well as child dancers, and a fine Vanity Ballet with Shelagh Day as

premier danseuse. Peter Brough's well-loved dummy, "Archie Andrews," is featured in

(Continued below.)



"CINDERELLA" AT PRINCES' THEATRE: THE ROYAL BALLROOM SCENE, SHOWING CINDERELLA (CHERRY LIND) AND PRINCE CHARMING (CHRISTINE HORDEN).



"ROBINSON CRUSOE ON ICE" AT THE EMPIRE POOL, WEMBLEY: "A VISION OF BRITAIN'S SEA POWER." THE "QUARTER-DECK" IS HALF THE SIZE OF THAT OF A MODERN LIGHT CRUISER.

Continued.
Archie Andrews' Christmas Party" (Prince of Wales Theatre), where the human members of the cast include a brilliant clown, Mr. Ossie Noble, and the roller-skate experts, Les Rayner and Betty, as well as Dave and Maureen in a knockabout turn; and a shadow show in which Mr. Edward Victor shows what one can do with eight fingers and two thumbs. A modern development of the traditional Christmas entertainment which seems to be here to stay is the pantomime on ice. This year London has: "Puzz in Boots on Ice," at the Empress Hall; and "Robinson Crusoe on Ice" at Wembley.

(RIGHT.) "ROBINSON CRUSOE ON ICE": ROBINSON CRUSOE (DAVIDE WALKER) AND POLY PRINCE (SHIRLEY MARGOLIN) IN THEIR SLENDER COSTUMES FOR THE GRAND FINALE.





A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE POTTER AND HIS WHEEL.

By FRANK DAVIS.*

THIS is a book which will puzzle many, and delight a few. Margins, type, illustrations—its whole physical appearance—are beautifully in key with a brief introduction, in which Mr. Bernard Leach, a practical and, in my opinion, a great potter, gives to the world a sensitive and perspicacious *Apologia pro Vita Sua*.

The illustrations are sixty in number, each pot occupies a very large page, and they are divided into three sections—Primitive, Pre-Industrial and Post-Industrial Pottery. The choice of these pieces will surprise many. They range from pre-Dynastic Egypt and prehistoric China to modern pots by Mr. Leach himself and his friends. There is nothing Chinese after the Sung Dynasty (unless you count Korean), nothing from any of the famous European factories, no Meissen, no Sèvres, no Mennecy, no Chelsea, no Worcester. Instead, there are mediæval pots and eighteenth-century English slipware. We are, in short, invited to examine æsthetic principles in a very special climate of opinion and upon a very lofty plane.

Do I give the impression that we are being treated to one of those high-faluting earnest essays in art appreciation which drain the blood and exhaust the faculties? I hope not, though once or twice I thought Mr. Leach was getting perilously close to the abyss where great knowledge can drown in a morass of obfuscation. But no, he remembers in time that he has not only a love for the colour, texture, form and composition of fine pots—more than that, a passion—but that he is a potter from foot to sensitive finger. This

errors of judgment which bias and even blindness may produce, it is inwardness and internal honesty which carries conviction, particularly to other artists. Neither erudition nor intellectual analysis can compensate for the lack of that life." From this starting-point he ranges over the world and the centuries and eloquently justifies his choice of illustrations. "The industrial revolution," he continues, "has had the effect of splitting the personality. . . . Factory-made pots are not produced by the whole man. The pots of which I write are, and they make their appeal because many of us are coming to know the poverty

His admiration for all Sung pots and the poetic tradition which was inherited by Korea rather than by China itself in Ming times is boundless, and there are numerous noble pieces to bear witness to his judgment—including many modern Japanese pots which owe their inspiration to the same source.

I must admit I was puzzled by one of his plates (Plate 25), a stoneware pot labelled Sung with a query against it; the note explains the matter, for he says he bought his first household pots of this ware in Peking in 1917 for a penny each, and then on his return home found some facsimiles in the Victoria and Albert Museum labelled "Sung." I must leave the final decision to the cognoscenti, and at the same time place on record my conviction that any great museum could produce a very edifying exhibition of imitations and forgeries if only museums were not so coy. As it is, museum authorities have this in common with the medical profession: they bury their mistakes. I admit they are rare and tend to become rarer—which makes them more interesting. I would remind readers that the defunct Burlington Fine Arts Club organised an extremely good exhibition of forgeries in the 1920's; members were tough and were not ashamed to lend their skeletons from their cupboards in the interest of true learning and sound doctrine.

Of modern potters Mr. Leach illustrates fine work by, among others, W. Staite Murray, Michael Cardew, the late Sam Haile, William Gordon, Katherine Pleydell Bouverie, and that deservedly famous Japanese, Hamada, who has clearly attained to a state of felicity which we in the West can scarcely credit. Mr. Leach knows him well and tells how he saw an exhibition of pots in Tokyo which looked like Hamada's. He asked the name of the maker, and Hamada told him he was a near neighbour. When Leach protested that the imitation was too close, Hamada answered, "What does it matter? In a hundred years



COVERED STONEWARE POT; BY BERNARD LEACH. Width 12 ins.

"The pattern was engraved through a black slip, and after a biscuit firing, the pot was dipped in a semi-opaque whitish glaze; the fired effect is a dark brownish grey breaking to rust. For those who like to know derivations, I might add that the shape of the lid is based upon the roof lines of the Temple of the Moon in Peking, but I did not know it myself until I compared it years later with an etching I once made of the subject." [Illustrations from "A Potter's Portfolio," by permission of the Publishers, Lund Humphries and Co.]

of our day. . . . A potter on his wheel is doing two things at the same time: he is making hollow wares to stand upon a level surface for the common usage of the home, and he is exploring space." Thus does the author drive himself on and so honest is his passion for this age-old craft that he carries us with him. "The pot is the man; his virtues and his vices are shown therein—no disguise is possible." An overstatement? I dare say it is, but how refreshing in an age of commercialism to find a man who can write in these terms of his life's work and who is not afraid to hitch his wagon to the stars!

It remains now, after this excursion into the rarefied atmosphere of the empyrean, to observe the author's reactions as he treads the solid earth. This he does in a series of comments, at the end of the book, on each of the sixty illustrations. These comments may appear scrappy, but they are none the less revealing and he includes in them one or two of his own experiences in probing the why and wherefore of the potter's art. There is one particularly fascinating contrast—that between a Spanish fifteenth-century lustre bowl and a dish made by himself in 1919, the point of which is that his dish was made at a time when he had never seen either a piece of English slipware or Spanish lustre. He illustrates his own early work to show its inferiority to the fifteenth-century piece (he is

much too nice a man to criticise any of his contemporaries on the same score) and at the same time suggests that he must at some time or other have seen photographs. He objects to his own weak lettering and overstressed curves (Plate 30), and we can admiringly agree with him in this instance.



BLACK SLIPWARE CIDER JAR; BY MICHAEL CARDEW. About 17 ins. high. "This is one of the fine big pots made by Michael Cardew at Winchcombe, in Gloucestershire, built upon a right use of tradition which seems to me to have an equivalent life and value to Hamada's work in Japan. The fully developed shape and expressive throwing, the masculine certitude, the well-spaced swinging pattern engraved through the raw glaze and the springing handle, all contribute to a living unity not unworthy of the eighteenth and earlier centuries." [By kind permission of the Hanley Museum.]

gives him poise and wisdom and keeps him close to earth. "The potter," he writes, "is more aware of the inner nature of pots than anyone else; he is in the wood and others are outside, and to their obvious response that he 'cannot see for trees,' my reply is that the inner comes before the outer. Despite



STONEWARE JAR; BY KATHARINE PLEYDELL BOUVERIE. Height about 10 ins.

"The iron glaze is what in Japan is called 'Tessha,' being a mottled purplish brown which varies a good deal according to firing and cooling conditions. Miss Bouverie has taken advantage of this variability by paring the thrown surface into slightly fluted panels which in their angularity foil the rotund shape admirably and help to draw the eye from the firm foot through the dividing ridge to the strong and well-bevelled lip."

By kind permission of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

his best pots will go by my name and my worst pots by his." Thus speaks a really sincere artist, so sure of himself that he can ignore ambition.

* Frank Davis reviews on this page "A Potter's Portfolio: A Selection of Fine Pots." Introduced by Bernard Leach. Illustrated. (Lund Humphries and Co. Ltd.; £4 4s.)

SOME OF THE PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND OCCASIONS OF NOTE.



DR. EDMUND H. FELLOWES.

Died on December 21, aged eighty-one. He made a vital contribution to our knowledge of Tudor music. Ordained in 1894, he became a Minor Canon of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in 1900, and on the death of Sir Walter Parratt in 1924 was given charge of the famous choir. He wrote a large number of books and edited the Complete Works of William Byrd.



LIEUT.-COLONEL C. D. MILLER.

Died on December 22, aged eighty-three. A well-known polo player, he founded Roehampton Club, London, and was managing director of the club for many years. He played for England in the Olympic polo team of 1908, and he taught the Duke of Windsor, who was then Prince of Wales, and the former King of Spain to play polo.



IN CANBERRA: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HORACE ROBERTSON WITH THE AUSTRALIAN PRIME MINISTER, MR. R. G. MENZIES.

The former C-in-C. of the British Commonwealth Occupation Forces in Japan, Lieut.-General Sir Horace Robertson, returned to Australia on November 14, 1951, to become Director-General of Recruiting. Soon after his arrival he flew to Canberra for consultations with the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, and senior members of the Government.



RAISING HIS HAND IN SALUTE: FORMER MARSHAL GRAZIANI ACCEPTING THE PRESIDENCY OF THE FEDERATION OF REPUBLICAN VETERANS. Former Marshal Rodolfo Graziani, at one time C-in-C. Libya and Viceroy of Abyssinia, and Mussolini's last War Minister, who was released from prison in August, 1950, addressed a national meeting of the Federation of Republican Veterans in Rome recently, at which he was unanimously elected president of the Federation. His release in 1950 gave rise to some controversy.



APPLAUDED BY REPRESENTATIVES OF ITALY, FRANCE AND THE U.S.A. AFTER THE PROCLAMATION OF LIBYAN INDEPENDENCE: ALI BEY GERBI, FOREIGN MINISTER IN THE LIBYAN FEDERAL GOVERNMENT. Our photograph shows Ali Bey Gerbi, the Foreign Minister in the Libyan Federal Government, being applauded by representatives of Italy, France and the United States, after a short address following the signing of the proclamation of independence in the British Residency in Tripoli on Christmas Eve. (L. to r.) Dr. Pelt (U.N. Commissioner for Libya); Ali Bey Gerbi; M. Roger Chambard (French Chargé d'Affaires); Signor Gaja (the Italian representative) and Mr. A. Lynch (United States Chargé d'Affaires).



AWARDED THE VICTORIA CROSS: PTE. W. SPEAKMAN.

The ribbon of the Victoria Cross was presented in Korea on December 30 to Private William Speakman, The Black Watch, attached to the 1st Battalion, The King's Own Scottish Borderers. On November 4, the defensive positions held by the 1st Battalion, K.O.S.B., were attacked by wave after wave of the enemy, and there was fierce hand-to-hand fighting. Private Speakman collected grenades and a party of six men, and repeatedly charged the enemy through withering enemy machine-gun and mortar fire. Undaunted by a severe leg wound, Private Speakman led charge after charge. The citation states that by his great gallantry, he was personally responsible for causing enormous enemy losses, assisting his company to maintain their position for some four hours, and saving the lives of many of his comrades when they were forced to withdraw from their position. Private Speakman, who is twenty-four, comes from Altrincham, Cheshire. He enlisted in the Regular Army in 1945.



CMDR. (E) C. C. MITCHELL.

Inventor of the slotted cylinder catapult, which is described as "likely to be among the most important developments for naval aviation since the war." Commander Mitchell, of Messrs. Brown Brothers and Co., Edinburgh, designed and built the catapult in H.M.S. *Perseus*, which has already successfully completed fourteen months of trials and is to undergo further tests in the United States.



MR. GEORGE F. KENNAN.

To succeed Admiral Kirk as United States Ambassador to the Soviet Union. Mr. Kennan, who is forty-seven, is the originator of the "containment" policy towards Russia. He is at present completing his duties with the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton University, where he has been on leave from the State Department since September, 1950.



MR. G. GREY WORNUM.

Awarded the 1952 royal gold medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Mr. Wornum, who is at present living in California, has been a Fellow of the Institute since 1923. He designed the new lay-out of Parliament Square, Westminster, which was completed early last year. He was the architect of the Institute's headquarters in Portland Place.



ON BOARD THE QUEEN MARY: ADMIRAL SIR RHODERICK MCGRIGOR (LEFT) AND FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM.

Field Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, First Sea Lord, are among those accompanying Mr. Churchill on his visit to the United States. Our photograph shows them on board the *Queen Mary*, which was delayed at Southampton for twenty-four hours by the jamming of the port anchor.



BACK IN LONDON AFTER BEING EXPELLED FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA: MISS DAPHNE MAINES ARRIVING AT VICTORIA STATION.

Miss Daphne Maines, assistant to the British Ambassador in Prague, arrived in London from Czechoslovakia on Christmas Eve. Miss Maines was wounded when a Czech sentry fired at the car in which she was accompanying Mr. Gardner, a second secretary at the British Embassy, who was afterwards accused of espionage by the Czech authorities. Mr. Gardner returned to this country on December 16.

TOPICAL EVENTS IN FOUR COUNTRIES: A PICTORIAL RECORD OF RECENT NEWS.



THE FIRST PRE-STRESSED CONCRETE BALANCED CANTILEVER BRIDGE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM:

A VIEW OF CASTLE BRIDGE, SHREWSBURY, ACROSS THE RIVER SEVERN.

The longest span (150 ft.) pre-stressed concrete bridge in the United Kingdom was opened to the public on November 20. Designed and constructed by Taylor Woodrow Construction, Ltd., it spans the River Severn at Shrewsbury. The bridge is 247 ft. long overall, and 10 ft. wide, and carries pedestrian traffic.



THE BIGGEST BRIDGE TO BE BUILT BY A BRITISH FIRM SINCE THE WAR: A VIEW OF THE NEW ROAD BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER TAGUS.

On December 30 the President of Portugal, General Craveiro Lopes, opened a new road bridge over the River Tagus at Vila Franca de Xira, fourteen miles from Lisbon. Built by Dorman Long and Co., the overall length of the bridge is 4015 ft., including 1700 ft. of river crossing, making it the biggest bridge to be built by a British firm since the war. It has five bow-string steel arches poised on reinforced concrete piers, and carries a 29-ft.-wide roadway with 5-ft.-wide footways.



THE FOUR U.S. AIRMEN WHO WERE FORCED DOWN IN HUNGARY, TRIED FOR "SPYING," HEAVILY FINED AND RELEASED. On November 19, a U.S. C-47 aircraft was forced down in Hungary by Russian fighters, and the four airmen imprisoned until December 23, when they were tried for "intentionally violating the Hungarian border." They were sentenced to three months' imprisonment or a fine equal to 30,000 dollars each. This fine was paid by the United States and the men released on December 27. They are (l. to r.) Sgt. Elam, Captain Swift, Captain Henderson, Sgt. Duff.



THE QUEEN MARY'S JAMMED ANCHOR: ATTEMPTS TO FREE IT AT SOUTHAMPTON BY USING TUGS PULLING HAWSERS. As described on our frontispiece, the *Queen Mary's* departure from Southampton on December 30 was delayed by the jamming of the port anchor in the hawsepipe. As shown in this photograph, hawsers were attached to the anchor and pulled by tugs in attempts to release it, but these efforts failed and a plate had to be cut away to free it. Later the plate was re-welded and the liner left for America, with Mr. Churchill on board, on December 31.



HOW A DUCK SWIMS: PROFESSOR JAMES GRAY WITH A MODEL DURING HIS CHRISTMAS LECTURES TO CHILDREN. The Christmas lectures to children at the Royal Institution this winter have been given by Professor James Gray, Professor of Zoology at Cambridge, and have been devoted to the subject "How Animals Move." Star performers at the first lecture were *Donald*, the clockwork duck, and an earthworm which crossed a glass bridge while recording the force of its backward push.



AUSTRALIA WINS THE DAVIS CUP FOR THE SECOND SUCCESSIVE YEAR: THE OPENING OF THE FIRST MATCH, IN WHICH SEIXAS (U.S.), SERVING, BEAT ROSE, OF AUSTRALIA. The Challenge Round of the Davis Cup was played at Sydney on December 26, 27 and 28. Australia (Sedgman and Macgregor) won the doubles from America's Schroeder and Trabert; and Sedgman won both his singles against Schroeder and Seixas, both of whom beat Rose, of Australia. Australia thus won 3-2.



PASSING THROUGH LINES OF FIREMEN AFTER LEAVING WHITEFRIARS FIRE STATION: THE FUNERAL PROCESSION FOR THE THREE FIREMEN KILLED AT THE ELDON STREET FIRE. Elsewhere in this issue we publish photographs of the disastrous fire at the Broad Street Station warehouse, Eldon Street, on December 21, in which three firemen lost their lives. The funeral of these men took place on December 29 at the South London Crematorium, Streatham.

WORLD EVENTS IN EUROPE, ASIA AND AMERICA: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS.



AN AIR DISASTER IN WHICH THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS: THE WRECKED MISRAIR LANGUEDOC AIRCRAFT WHICH CRASHED NEAR TEHERAN ON DECEMBER 22, IN A SNOWSTORM. There were no survivors when a *Misrair* Languedoc airliner crashed three miles north of Teheran in the foothills in a snowstorm. Arriving from Baghdad it had lost touch with the control tower after circling the airport, and was thought to have returned to Baghdad. The twenty bodies identified include four members of the party of Americans headed by Dr. Henry Garland Bennett, director U.S. "Point Four" Administration. Our photograph shows the tail of the wrecked machine in the foreground.



A HOSPITAL TRANSFORMED INTO A COURT-ROOM IN AMERICA: THE JUDGE IS SEATED IN FRONT OF THE WINDOW, AND THE ACCUSED MAN IS LYING ON A STRETCHER. In New Britain, Connecticut, U.S.A., a room in the General Hospital became a court-room as the accused man, arraigned on a charge of killing a policeman and a displaced person in a hold-up, was paralysed from wounds received in the affray. He lay on a stretcher, with his attorney at his side.



WITH FIREBOATS AND COASTGUARD CRAFT ALONGSIDE: THE DANISH SHIP *ERRIA* (8767 TONS) ON FIRE ON DECEMBER 20, NEAR ASTORIA, OREGON.

The Danish ship *Erria* caught fire less than a mile from shore near Astoria, Oregon. It is believed that 114 people were on board, and all have not been accounted for. Two coastguard tenders assisted in rescue work, and lifeboats took some passengers off.



DEMONSTRATED AT ABERDEEN PROVING GROUND NORTH OF BALTIMORE ON DECEMBER 27: THE U.S. ARMY'S NEW LIGHTWEIGHT '30-CALIBRE RIFLE, WHICH WEIGHS ABOUT 8 LB. The U.S. Army's new lightweight '30 calibre rifle weighs nearly 2 lb. less than the M.1 Garand rifle now standard equipment, and uses a cartridge half an inch shorter and somewhat lighter than that now in use. At the demonstration, bullets penetrated a steel helmet at 1200 yards and five 1-in. pine boards at 2000 yards.



SANTA CLAUS TRIES MODERN METHODS: A SWISS PARACHUTIST COMES DOWN AT SUVRETTA HOUSE WITH CHRISTMAS GIFTS. Santa Claus abandoned his usual reindeer transport and descent by chimney when he visited Suvretta House, St. Moritz, at Christmas with gifts for 200 children. The presents came down first by parachute from an aircraft and were followed by "Santa Claus," who distributed them.



MEMBERS OF MR. CHURCHILL'S GOVERNMENT NOW INSTALLED AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S, WHERE POLITICAL CHANGES ARE RECORDED: A WAXWORK GROUP OF EIGHT MINISTERS. LABOUR LEADERS FORM A GROUP OF THE OPPOSITION. The waxwork group of Ministers just installed at Madame Tussaud's shows (l to r.) Lord Swinton (Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster), Mr. R. A. Butler (Chancellor of the Exchequer), Mr. Harold Macmillan (Housing and Local Government), Mr. Anthony Eden (Foreign Secretary), Mr. Winston Churchill (Premier), Lord Leathers (Co-ordination of Transport, Fuel and Power), Lord Woolton (Lord President of the Council) and Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe (Home Secretary and Welsh Affairs).

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

SEEING AND BELIEVING.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WE know that, when she tried, the White Queen could believe as many as six impossible things before breakfast. We have to be prepared, I think, to go to the theatre in the same mood, ready—if the play is exciting enough—to meet the author more than half-way, and to believe what, in any other circumstances, might be rejected with disdain.

It is easy, after all, to believe the incredible when we wish. We do it often enough in Shakespeare: this holiday season, at the Old Vic, we shall readily accept the dramatist's firm statement that, from time to time, Puck and Oberon render themselves invisible. Many of us have done it—at the other extreme—in the older type of rampagous melodrama, where we must credit the impossible so that a suitably exciting situation can be worked up for the last couple of scenes.

This is why I felt ashamed, on the morning after "The Day's Mischief," at the Duke of York's, to realise that I had not properly performed one of the duties of a playgoer. That is, to co-operate as much as possible with a dramatist who had found a good, if basically impossible, situation, and who was exploiting it for all it was worth.

It would be a sad error to tell the plot of Lesley Storm's play. As in "Black Chiffon," Miss Storm uses her ability to keep us guessing. If you can hold an audience in suspense until the last few minutes, you have gone far towards a successful play. At the Duke of York's the last scenes were acted in a charged silence that showed the dramatist had made her point.

We are in the house of a schoolmaster in the East Midlands; a man in the middle forties, teaching Latin at a mixed school. He has charm and sympathy; but he and his wife know few people in the town. They prefer their own company. The man is coaching one of his pupils—a seventeen-year-old girl—in Latin. She is an imaginative and sensitive adolescent, the daughter of a local journalist, an honest, good-natured man who is inclined now and then to talk like his own leaders. The girl Laura has a "crush" on her master; almost without knowing it he half-returns her affection. His wife, intuitive and jealous, speaks

author during the hour afterwards. I began to ask the wrong questions—on matters that a few quick touches here and there could easily put right; matters that do not seriously affect the piece. On the morning after the play I was repentant and receptive. The two things that still stuck in my throat were the "literary" burnish on the dialogue, and the character of the girl's

play is exciting in the theatre: its company, under the direction of Norman Marshall, acts it with steady power and discernment. Muriel Pavlow, as the girl, can command pathos without striving for it; and Walter Fitzgerald and Nuna Davey as her parents, and Ian Hunter and Catherine Lacey as the schoolmaster and his wife, work subtly on our nerves.

During the first and second acts of "Colombe," at the New Theatre, I was fighting disbelief that overcame all efforts to master it. Jean Anouilh's anecdote of a Parisian theatre in 1900 seemed to be a frail affair for a full-length play, and the jealous anger of a farouche young husband grew tiresome: no fault of Michael Gough, who was wholly loyal to his author. Further, the casting of Yvonne Arnaud as the fire-breathing dragon of an ageing actress hardly helped. Miss Arnaud could disguise herself as heavily as she liked; her own good nature would peep through disconcertingly.

Then, very suddenly, in the third act, Anouilh (and his English adaptor, Denis Cannan) conquered. He could not get me to accept his philosophy—in effect, he says, love is an illusion and transient—but he did lead plausibly to the last parting of his unhappy



"JEAN ANOUILH'S ANECDOTE OF A PARISIAN THEATRE IN 1900": "COLOMBE," PRODUCED BY PETER BROOK, A SCENE FROM ACT I, SHOWING (L. TO R.) DESFOURNETTES (DAVID HORNE), A CHIROPODIST (BILLIE HILL), A HAIRDRESSER (VERNON GREEVES), MME. ALEXANDRA (YVONNE ARNAUD), A MANICURIST (FENELPE MUNDAY) AND ROBINET (ESME PERCY).

aunt, acted by Beatrix Lehmann. It can be argued, no doubt, that people under strain do express themselves as Miss Storm's do; but I found myself automatically sub-editing as the characters spoke, taking out a word here and another there, altering the run of a sentence from the bookish to the colloquial. Again, it would be wrong to insist upon this too harshly; wrong, I dare say, to blame Miss Storm for phrasing her dialogue carefully in an age of spatter-dash. But I do feel that a little loosening would soothe the ear without harming the dramatic tension.

The other thing is the character of the girl's aunt. Beatrix Lehmann, playing the woman with a fierce single-mindedness, does everything a fine actress can. Aunt Evelyn was frustrated in youth. Disappointment has warped her. Her queer kink affects the development of the drama, and at the première it was extremely hard to credit her intervention. I do not know how she might strike me at a second hearing of the piece, or, indeed, how "The Day's Mischief" would respond to a second visit once its secrets have been exposed and the quality of unexpectedness has gone.

After this, it remains to be said that, niggling queries aside, Miss Storm's



A PLAY IN WHICH "ANOUILH HAS SIMPLY PUT HIS PROLOGUE WHERE THE EPILOGUE SHOULD BE": "COLOMBE," BY JEAN ANOUILH, ADAPTED BY DENIS CANNAN, AT THE NEW THEATRE; A SCENE SHOWING (L. TO R.) JULIEN (MICHAEL GOUGH), COLOMBE (JOYCE REDMAN) AND PAUL (JOHN STRATTON).

pair; and a theatrical trick, craftily conceived, ended the night in triumph. Anouilh has simply put his prologue where the epilogue should be. We are shown the first meeting of the lovers—a Parisian flower-girl and a stormy young man (the great actress's son)—on the very stage where we have just watched the unhappy ending of their idyll. Michael Gough and Joyce Redman play this superbly; I could believe in it without hesitation, and belief was helped, there as earlier in the night, by the inventive production of Peter Brook. His stage-in-reverse scene, with a romantic drama flourishing away in the distance and the players acting their hearts out with their backs towards us, was most admirably devised and lighted.

In Peter Watling's "Indian Summer" (Criterion)

I wanted to believe, but could not, except in one simply-expressed scene for Jane Baxter and Betty Ann Davies. The members of this South Kensington family were always on the point of coming to life, but I felt that there was a gauze between us. The play has some wit; there is nothing wrong with the performance: it is merely that the quiet flow of the evening is rarely disturbed by anything remotely dramatic. Mr. Watling has not managed to turn his gentle conversation piece into a theatrical play: a pity, because I wanted to believe in his people, and two of them—Jane Baxter and Margaret Halstan—did sometimes pierce the barrier.

For the rest, the holiday mood enabled me to believe in a splendid "Aladdin" (Casino) and an under-rehearsed "Snow White" (St. James's); and Daphne Anderson, so charming in Planché's burlesque, "Riquet With the Tuft" (Players), could make me believe—if she wished—that the earth was flat.



"THE TALE OF AN ADOLESCENT, SENSITIVE SCHOOLGIRL WHO VANISHES": "THE DAY'S MISCHIEF," BY LESLEY STORM, AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE, SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) MRS. BARLOW (CATHERINE LACEY), STEPHEN BARLOW (IAN HUNTER) AND HENRY VINING (WALTER FITZGERALD).

spitefully to Laura, who disappears. What has happened?

That is the problem. It could have various answers. During most of the play Miss Storm never lets us be certain. As an exercise in suspense, the piece is first-rate; and most of the people are drawn with the sharpest definition, not smudged vaguely in charcoal. True, if we inquire into this situation or that too deeply, certain trying questions stick. While we are in the theatre they do not matter at all; Miss Storm unreels an exciting story and does not give us time to think. We are prepared to believe in her half-dozen impossibilities before supper.

Certainly I was prepared to believe during the play, but I did not keep in step with the

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE DAY'S MISCHIEF" (Duke of York's).—Lesley Storm (the dramatist) and her cast combine to excite us, while the curtain is up, with the tale of an adolescent, sensitive schoolgirl who vanishes. Maybe the dialogue is too highly polished, but in the theatre at least this play does not permit us to relax. (December 11.)

"INDIAN SUMMER" (Criterion).—The scene is South Kensington in September. Peter Watling's story of a marriage in difficulties and of an engaging family (with an Anglo-Indian background) needs more dramatic impetus. Its dialogue is supple enough, and it has Jane Baxter, Betty Ann Davies, Margaret Halstan and Robert Fleming (in an ungrateful part) to deal with it. (December 12.)

"COLOMBE" (New).—Anouilh produces a shower of aces from his sleeve in the third act after tossing out a series of small cards. Yvonne Arnaud is not well cast in this wry comedy of a Parisian theatre in 1900; but Michael Gough and Joyce Redman—in their idyll that failed—stand admirably by the author and his producer. Peter Brook. (December 13.)

"MASTER CROOK" (Comedy).—James Kenney has a personal success in this tough little cautionary tale. (December 18.)

"RIQUET WITH THE TUFT" (Players).—A Planché burlesque (1836), with a pleasant hint of "Beauty and the Beast" and a performance of much charm by Daphne Anderson. (December 18.)

"ALADDIN" (London Casino).—Twankey (Nat Jackley) and the rest sow with the whole pantomime sack in a production much better than average and graced by the lovely singing voice of Julie Andrews. (December 19.)

BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS (Olympia).—All children will take their parents. (December 19.)

"SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS" (St. James's).—The first performance of the Disney-based fantasy was for connoisseurs of stage mishaps. No matter; the children enjoyed every moment, so the cast can continue to whistle while it works. (December 20.)

TOM ARNOLD CIRCUS (Harringay Arena).—See note on Olympia, above. (December 20.)

"PETER PAN" (Scala).—Joan Greenwood, a husky-voiced Peter, acts as if she believes in the part—and that is always the right answer. (December 21.)

A NATIONAL TRUST GIFT: SNOWSHILL MANOR.



A GIFT TO THE NATIONAL TRUST: SNOWSHILL MANOR; A VIEW OF ONE OF THE ENTRANCES TO THE HOUSE, WHICH IS MAINLY TUDOR.



SHOWING THE MAIN FRONT, WHICH WAS ADDED ABOUT 1700: SNOWSHILL MANOR, NEAR BROADWAY, WORCESTERSHIRE, A HOUSE IN THE TYPICAL COTSWOLD STYLE.



WITH THE COATS OF ARMS OF PREVIOUS OWNERS OVER THE FIREPLACE: A VIEW OF THE DINING-HALL AT SNOWSHILL MANOR, NEAR BROADWAY.

It was announced on December 29 that Mr. Charles Wade had given Snowhill Manor, near Broadway, Worcestershire, to the National Trust, and that the house would be open to the public from May 1 on Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays throughout the summer from 2 to 6 p.m., and on Saturdays and Sundays from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., and 2 to 6 p.m. The greater part of the house is Tudor, in the typical Cotswold style, but the main front was added about 1700. The contents consist of a series of interesting collections, including clothing of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, musical instruments, toys, clocks and early bicycles.

GIVEN TO THE NATION: BREDON TITHE BARN.

The National Trust recently announced the gift by Mr. G. S. Cottrell of Bredon Tithe Barn, near Tewkesbury. The Pilgrim Trust has given a substantial grant for its repair. The barn, which dates from the fourteenth century, is 132 ft. long, and may be considered one of the finest in the country. The roof is covered with stone tiles, and an unusual feature is a chamber with an original chimney in untouched condition over one of the transepts. The public will be admitted free on Tuesday and Friday afternoons from 2 to 5 p.m.



GIVEN TO THE NATIONAL TRUST: BREDON TITHE BARN, NEAR TEWKESBURY, WHICH DATES FROM THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, AND IS 132 FT. LONG.



ONE OF THE FINEST TITHE BARN IN THE COUNTRY AND NOW THE PROPERTY OF THE NATIONAL TRUST: BREDON TITHE BARN—AN INTERIOR VIEW.

FRENCH MASTERPIECES FOR CARDIFF: FROM THE DAVIES COLLECTION.



THE most important as well as the largest section of the great bequest made to the National Museum of Wales by the late Miss Gwendoline Davies, C.H., of Gregynog Hall, "is the representation of the French Schools of the nineteenth century, from the Realists to the Post-Impressionists," writes Mr. John Steegman, Keeper of the Department of Art of the Museum. He continues, "Miss Gwendoline Davies began collecting pictures about 1910, her adviser being the late Hugh Blaker. His early *flair* for the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists, and her courage in following it, had a remarkable result. The collection was already an important one before 1913, not only did it include Corots, Daumiers, Millets and Whistlers, but, which is really remarkable, is the appearance in the collection of two of the three Cézanne paintings as early as 1919; they were shown at Bath in that year, by which date few, if any, Cézannes, had been seen by the public in this country."

(LEFT.) "BRETON PEASANTS AT MASS": BY PAUL GAUGUIN (1848-1903). PAINTED DURING HIS SOJOURN AT PONT-AVEN, 1888-9, WHEN HE WAS INFLUENCED BY JAPANESE PRINTS. (21½ by 15 ins.)

(RIGHT.) "LA PARISIENNE": BY PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919). THIS PORTRAIT OF A LADY IN BLUE IS PERHAPS THE MOST IMPORTANT EARLY RENOIR IN THIS COUNTRY. (63 by 41 ins.)



"CREPUSCULE": BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926). PAINTED DURING HIS VISIT TO VENICE, 1908, AND BOUGHT BY MISS DAVIES BEFORE 1913. (25 by 36 ins.)



"TROISIÈME CLASSE": BY HONORE DAUMIER (1808-1879). FRENCH SCHOOLS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY ARE SPLENDIDLY REPRESENTED. (Panel, 10 by 13 ins.)



"LES BOUCHERONNES": BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET (1814-1875). THIS WELL-KNOWN PAINTING WAS BOUGHT FOR MISS DAVIES AT THE ROUART SALE, 1912. (32 by 43½ ins.)



"NATURE MORTE": BY PAUL CÉZANNE (1839-1906). THIS SUMPTUOUS STILL-LIFE WAS LENT TO THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS EXHIBITION IN 1922. (23 by 28½ ins.)

THE DAVIES BEQUEST TO WALES: NOTABLE WORKS OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.



"MORNING AFTER THE WRECK": BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. (1775-1851). THIS WORK, DATING FROM THE ARTIST'S LATE PERIOD, IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN GIVEN BY HIM TO HIS HOUSEKEEPER. IT WAS IN THE JOHN POUND COLLECTION IN 1856. (15 by 24 ins.)



"PENN PONDS, RICHMOND PARK": BY RICHARD WILSON, R.A. (1714-1782), THE FIRST ENGLISH LANDSCAPE PAINTER OF THE FIRST RANK. LENT TO THE WILSON EXHIBITION AT BIRMINGHAM IN 1948. (41 by 59 ins.)



"STUDY OF A GIRL": BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A. (1769-1830). THIS CHARMING SKETCH, ONE OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL PORTRAITS IN THE BEQUEST, WAS IN THE MUNRO, NOVAR AND FARRER COLLECTIONS. (19 by 15½ ins.)



"MRS. DOUGLAS OF BRIGTON": BY SIR HENRY RAEUBURN, R.A. (1756-1823). PAINTED C. 1790. THE SITTER WAS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF ROBERT GRAHAM OF FINTRY. (36 by 26½ ins.)



"HEAD OF A WOMAN": BY AUGUSTUS JOHN, R.A. (b. 1878) ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF HIS PORTRAIT STUDIES PAINTED IN CHELSEA IN 1911. (15 by 12½ ins.)



"A LANDSCAPE": BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788). A CHARMING EXAMPLE OF THE ARTIST'S IDEALISED 'RUSTICITY', CHARACTERISTIC OF HIS BATH PERIOD. ONE OF TWO SMALL GAINSBOROUGH LANDSCAPES IN THE COLLECTION. (15½ by 20½ ins.)



"THE WEIR": BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A. (1776-1837). THIS LANDSCAPE WAS PROBABLY PAINTED C. 1830. THE VIEW DEPICTED HAS NOT BEEN IDENTIFIED. THE DAVIES BEQUEST WILL BE PUT ON VIEW IN APRIL. (24 by 29 ins.)

The late Miss Gwendoline Davies, C.H., of Gregynog Hall, Montgomeryshire, who died recently, bequeathed her collection of works of art to the National Museum of Wales. "This," writes Mr. John Steegman, Keeper of the Department of Art of the Museum, "is the most important art benefaction that that Museum has ever received, and will transform the whole character of its Department of Art." The entire bequest, which includes Old Masters, works of the British School, a

selection of which is reproduced on this page, and a large and most important section representing the French Schools of the nineteenth century, illustrated on our facing page, will be put on view in the National Museum of Wales at Cardiff towards the end of April. All the five paintings and seven water-colours by Turner in the collection are of his later period; and it also contains three Whistler nocturnes and a long-lost Blake water-colour.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

OF course, one ought not to attempt a judgment on any book till one is sure of having understood it. That is quite clear. But there are some occasions when it can't be helped, and some of these occasions are predictable. It would be rash indeed to enter on "My Fellow Devils" (James Barrie; 12s. 6d.), or any other work by L. P. Hartley, in a spirit of assurance. Not because the author is "difficult." There are no snags, as the delightful current of his invention floats one along over a surface of beguiling candour. Only, beneath us is a "glassy gulf"—and have we really seen the bottom of it? That is the point, which it would take a lot of crystal-gazing to resolve. But the reviewer has to speak at once, and he can only say that Mr. Hartley is a deep writer. Deep in both senses of the word, for he is also sly—a catlike novelist, with a deceiving blandness of gait and beautifully-padded claws. And finally, he has a special traffic with the subconscious. He has contrived some way of using it, not as a dark source, but as an active partner.

In this new book, the former witchcraft of romance and comedy is rather subdued, while the dramatic element is stronger—indeed, so strong, and so compounded of suspense and irony, that it would be wrong to give away the details. Margaret, the heroine, is twenty-eight, a social worker and a J.P., with a serene suburban outlook and an old father. The needs of conscience, dignity, affection are all supplied, and she has never been in love. Her friends, a trifle piqued by this excess of calm, decide it must be stirred up—and as a start expose her to the fascinations of a film-gangster. The film repels her, but it introduces her to Nick Burden, a fellow-guest who has disliked it in the same way. And yet she has a curiosity about the gangster hero, and is awed to learn that Nick was at school with him. Her questions are not well received—Colum McInnes, it appears, is a forbidden topic; but meanwhile, he has brought her the ideal husband. Nick is a rising barrister, a man she can respect, who shares her views, who will be welcome to her father, who will fit her old life.

Instead, at the eleventh hour, and seemingly by accident, she marries Colum. Now she has lost her context. Now it is for her to fit in—which she is blissfully intent on doing. At home, she put her faith in works; but Colum is a "bad Catholic," and wistfully declares that it would help him if she came over. And Margaret thrills to the idea. But disappointingly, she is advised to wait: though she is also told that God has a design for her. So it begins to seem. On her Venetian honeymoon, she asks St. Anthony to find a bracelet. He returns it with a dark truth. Next time, the pattern is repeated, but the truth is plainer—until at last she sees her context as a wife. She is among the derelicts, the objects of reclamation. But she is powerless to reclaim herself; and if she really means to fit in, one little, extra sacrifice is wanting—her immortal soul.

The end, indeed the whole, of this entrancing parable, is of a perfect slyness. But whether it is a fantasia upon the Hound of Heaven, or a tract for the times: what is its moral, and what is due to happen after the last—all these are crystal-gazing questions, which I must leave open.

"A Single Lady," by Mary Lavin (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), presents a different obstacle to judgment. One can't sink into the short story; there is no room. And those of us who learn by soaking are a trifle non-plussed. But it is certainly this author's medium. She is a good, appealing novelist, but she achieves distinction only on a small ground. These stories have a brilliancy of execution and a depth of colour which put her full-scale efforts in the shade. Though an exponent of the "glimpse of life," she never slips into a vague impressionism. Every stroke tells, each story has a gemlike quality and finish; it is bright and hard, yet full of lustre and reflections. She has the gift, so vital to this form, of stretching space until a very little of it holds a great deal, and that with no effect of cramping. I won't discuss how it is done; but look, for instance, at "The Convert," with its analysis of two traditions and a mixed marriage. This would provide the substance of a dissertation; it is all there, only the dissertation is omitted. As in a sense the Irish background is omitted all through. We feel it as a moulding influence, a source of power; but it is not enlarged into a theme. Of this discreet and vigorous reserve, the "well-made" "Story With a Pattern" is a good example.

The tales are mostly of defeat: defeat in every key, from the premonitory brilliance of "The Sand Castle" to the frustrations of "The Convert" and "A Gentle Soul," and the unglamorous disaster of "A Single Lady." Once, the solution goes into reverse—and then the story does not come off. But though the tenor is defeatist, the effect is lively.

I can't quite say that of "The Malindens," by Jonquil Antony (Longmans; 12s. 6d.)—a little saga of defeat, extending from the death of Edward VII. to the present day. It has the well-worn theme of the despotic mother, grinding her children's bones. Towards her husband and three daughters Mrs. Malinden is reinforced concrete, while to her son she is a kind of doting Moloch. The early days, before they are all warped or shrivelled, have a certain charm; the matter is not new, but it is crisp and "period." But by the end of the First War, when only Christine has a chance and like an idiot she throws it away, patience begins to flag. Really, the victims are too spineless and the gorgon is too unnatural. And yet it seems that on the air this gloomy household had a great voice.

"Begin, Murderer!", by Desmond Cory (Frederick Muller; 10s. 6d.), need not repel non-addicts of the Cheyne school, although the author has been celebrated as its rising hope. For Lindsay (or, as he prefers to call himself, Lindy) Grey, though turned out on the thriller model, is a true detective at heart. He has a heart, moreover, though one wouldn't think it from his début—when, on a black, wet night, he finds his latest client smashed up at the foot of a cliff, and breaks it to the family in wisecracks. There are two "dames," the daughter of the corpse and his alluring widow. The hero's basic principle is to suppress evidence and to delude the police; but it is quite well meant, and all the action is heading somewhere. The style is thoroughly effective and assured.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WHAT is peculiar about each of these positions?

(While is moving UP the board in each.)

1.



They couldn't have happened!

In No. 1, the bishop could never reach that square until the pawn were moved.

2.



In No. 2, the foremost pawn could only have started from QR2 or QKt2. But the only pawns which start from those squares are still there. Which, even Euclid would agree, is absurd.

3.



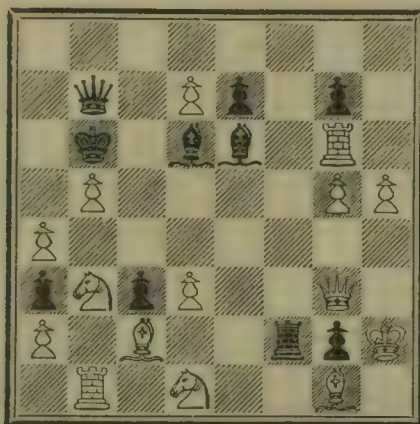
In No. 3, the king, to get where it is, must have walked through a check from a pawn.

4.



No. 4 is more interesting. The rook must have moved over the black square next to the king. If the white king was already in the corner, it must have given a check which White illegally ignored. If the rook was already there when White moved his king into the corner, White must, equally illegally, have moved through check.

The Spaniard J. Paluzie asked: In the next diagrammed position, how does White either mate in one move, or force his opponent to mate him in one move?



This was his solution:

There is something wrong about the bishop on Black's Q3. It could not have been the original king's bishop, for, with the black king's pawn and king's knight pawn still unmoved, it could never have got out. Black could not have "queened" a pawn into this bishop, because (by rather more complicated reasoning) no black pawn could have promoted on to a black square.

"So," says the composer, "you must either replace the bishop on its original square or remove it from the board altogether. In either case, White mates by B×R or, by playing Q-Kt8, forces (Black's only legal move) . . . Q×Q mate."

Just a *jeu d'esprit*, of course; you might just as well argue that the anomalous bishop had been accidentally knocked there from QB2, or any other man on either side misplaced!

reserve—are of the greatest interest.

While on the subject of standard reference books I must draw attention to the new "Whitaker's Almanack, 1952" (complete edition, 15s.; shorter edition, 7s. 6d.). Last year I seem to remember recording that the 1951 edition was "the biggest ever." This year the publishers of this indispensable reference book have gone one better. It is even bigger—containing, among other useful innovations, such valuable additions as a comparison of both the 1950 and 1951 General Elections, which were the first to be fought after the redistribution of seats.

The words of Percy French's song, "Where the Mountains of Mourne Sweep Down to the Sea"—hackneyed as they have, alas, become!—make an excellent text for an excellent book. This is "Mourne Country," by Professor E. Estyn Evans (Dundalgan Press; 32s. 6d.). As its name implies, it deals satisfactorily with the history—political and natural—the geology and geography of that loveliest part of lovely County Down.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

INCA AND EX-CONQUISTADORA.

SOME years ago I had the privilege of hearing Mr. Churchill, in the Cabinet Room at No. 10, deliver a brilliantly phrased impromptu address to a delegation of notables from Brazil. Such is the incredible general knowledge of this incredible man that, had he been his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador in Brazil for the previous ten years, he could scarcely have displayed a greater knowledge of that huge country's history or a more delicate appreciation of the nuances in the rivalries between its principal cities and provinces. His opening words remain in my memory. "Some of you," he said, "may have nourished from youth a vision of some far-off land, some El Dorado [characteristically pronounced in the Churchillian manner] which it has been your hope and wish one day to see but which you have never succeeded in visiting. For me that land, that El Dorado,

has always been Brazil." For me—in spite of having had once to do "The Conquest of Mexico" as a holiday task—Latin-America generally has always had a powerful fascination. This fabulous sub-continent, with its monstrous jungles, its vast mountain ranges, huge rivers, its lost civilisations, must have an attraction which transcends the twentieth-century unattractiveness of its mestizo politicians. The feat of the tiny handful of conquistadores, spurred on by greed of gold, greed of honour, and a fanatical faith, is as remarkable as the fate of the great civilisations they overthrew is pathetic. A most interesting evocation of that period is "Lost City of the Incas," by Hiram Bingham (Phoenix; 22s.), the story of Machu Picchu. Properly speaking, Machu Picchu is the name of the great mountain which overshadows the site of this, the last stronghold of the Incas, but the name was given to the site—which is that of Vilcapampa—because it had been overgrown so long and so completely forgotten that no one knew its name when Governor Bingham of Connecticut found it in 1911. The last Incas had two strongholds—one a military one at Vitcos, where they received emissaries of the Spaniards, occasional Augustinian friars (who, like the Spanish envoys and, with incredible folly, they usually eventually murdered, and occasionally permitted their less enlightened followers to eat raw). The other, Vilcapampa, the last stronghold, was never reached by any Spaniard, and only disappeared from human memory when the last of the Incas, who had killed one Spanish envoy and one Augustinian friar too many, was captured with his captains and family, brought to Cuzco, and there done to death with the slow and (to the Spaniards) enjoyable cruelty which was common to these two (in this respect) well-matched races. It is not surprising that no Spaniard ever penetrated to Vilcapampa. Those who read Governor Bingham's book will share his amazement that the place was ever built at all. It was made of huge stone blocks by masons working without iron tools—blocks that had to be carried 2000 ft. up a cliff, and so carefully shaped that the subsequent drystone construction of the palaces and courtyards remains a wonder to modern engineers. Governor Bingham is sometimes a little artless. He is often tiresomely repetitive. He is, however, always interesting. Those who read this story will, I think, find it difficult not to acquire or re-acquire an interest in the Incas of Peru and their lost civilisation. How great that civilisation was is, I find, a matter of some dispute among my friends who know something about the history of Latin-America. Some, for instance, think that it was not as high as it was reputed to be. They point to the fact that they had never mastered the art of reading and writing—their "literature" being enshrined in knotted cords of coloured llama wool.

However, let us turn from the conquistadores to an ex-Conquistadora (if such an anti-feminist language as Spanish can run to such a word). Her name is Britannia. She once ruled the waves. The extent to which the poor lady has come down in the world may best be judged by the 1951-52 version of "Jane's Fighting Ships," that perennially fascinating volume published by Sampson Low at £4 4s. It is clear that the rearmament programme as far as the Navy is concerned has hardly got under way at all. What has been and is being done is of a largely negative and defensive nature. As Mr. Raymond V. B. Blackmore, the Editor of "Jane's," says: "Great Britain's whole new naval programme is largely directed towards the underwater menace. The aim is to provide the majority of ships for anti-submarine purposes by conversion of fast destroyers and for mine-sweeping by new construction." In view of the reported huge Soviet construction of submarines, this is, of course, of great importance. Nevertheless, I am sure that my friend Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, will not need to be reminded that poor old ex-Conquistadora Britannia, while, in popular representations, she is equipped with a shield for defence, is also armed with a trident for offence. He will not, I imagine, be satisfied with such a sentence, for example, as: "Britain now has only 53 submarines." However, we can take comfort from the fact that a large number of British vessels are now serving with Commonwealth and Allied navies. The chapters on the Soviet Navy—though the Editor rightly points out that the information must be treated with

E. D. O'BRIEN.



DESCENDING A ROMAN WELL AT PAGANS' HILL, SOMERSET. MUD, STONES AND RUBBLE WERE CLEARED FROM THE 2½-FT. SHAFT TO THE DEPTH OF 56 FT.

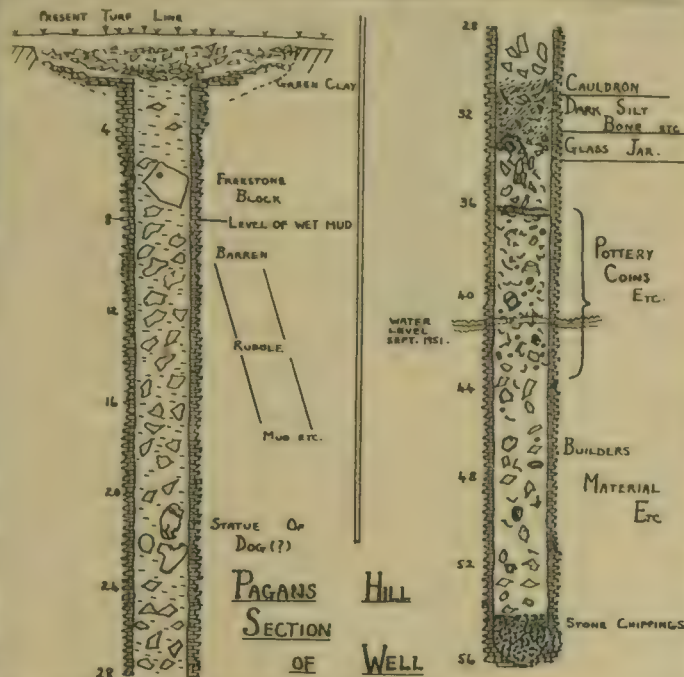


THE FINE SAXON BLUE-GLASS VESSEL OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY, WHICH WAS FOUND AT ABOUT 33 FT., HELD BY THE FINDER, MR. ERIC BROWN.



THE ONE COMPLETE ROMAN VESSEL FOUND—A COOKING-POT—HELD BY THE FINDER, MR. R. HURDLE. IT CAN ALSO BE SEEN IN THE CENTRE-RIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.

POT-HOLING TECHNIQUE IN AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXCAVATION: THE ROMAN WELL, PAGANS' HILL.



THE TOP OF THE ROMAN WELL AT PAGANS' HILL, SHOWING THE STONEWORK SURROUND, BEFORE ANY EXCAVATION HAD BEEN DONE. THE DEPTH OF THE WELL IS 56 FT. AND THE DIAMETER OF THE BORE 2 FT. 6 INS.

(ABOVE.) A SECTION OF THE ROMAN WELL AT PAGANS' HILL, SHOWING THE NATURE OF THE FILLING AND THE DEPTHS AT WHICH THE VARIOUS FINDS WERE MADE.

IN our issue of December 8 we published a photograph of a remarkable Anglo-Saxon blue-glass vessel of the eighth century A.D. which had been found in the excavation of a Roman well at Pagans' Hill, Somerset. This site contains remains of a Roman temple, and excavations have been going on over three years. *[Continued below.]*

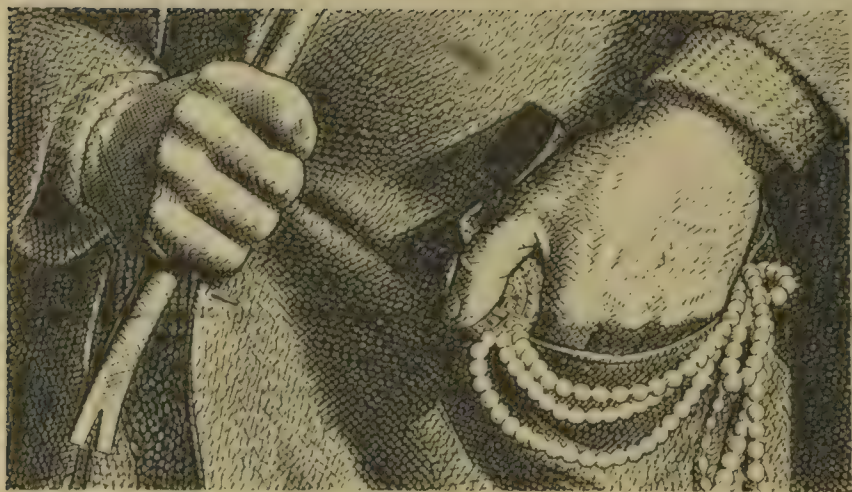
(RIGHT.) SOME OF THE ROMAN VESSELS FOUND IN THE WELL, AFTER RECONSTRUCTION: ABOUT 2000 POT-SHERDS WERE FOUND, INCLUDING FIFTEEN RECONSTRUCTIBLE VESSELS.



(ABOVE AND RIGHT.) TWO ASPECTS OF A CARVED STONE ANIMAL FIGURE, IN WHICH THE MEDALLIONED COLLAR SUGGESTS A DOG OR PERHAPS A HERALDIC SHEEP. IT IS TENTATIVELY ASCRIBED TO THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY AND MAY HAVE BEEN AN ARCHITECTURAL ORNAMENT.

[Continued.] During the last season the excavations, under the direction of Mr. P. Rahtz and Mr. L. Harris, of the Somerset Archæological Society, have been directed to clearing a Roman well some 50 ft. from the temple. The well, which was completely filled up and of a diameter of only 2 ft. 6 ins., has been completely excavated to its full depth of 56 ft.—an operation which involved much difficult and devoted work by a band of helpers using methods perfected in

cave-exploration. The chief of the finds was undoubtedly the glass vessel, which was found intact. Some 2000 sherds of Roman pottery were found, including fifteen vessels capable of reconstruction and one complete cooking-pot. Other finds included eighteen coins of A.D. 260-333 and fragments of an iron cauldron.



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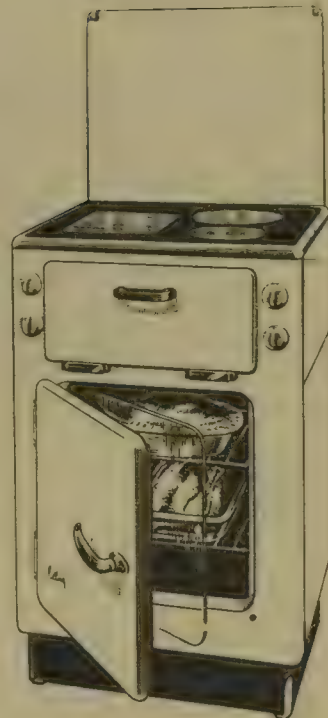
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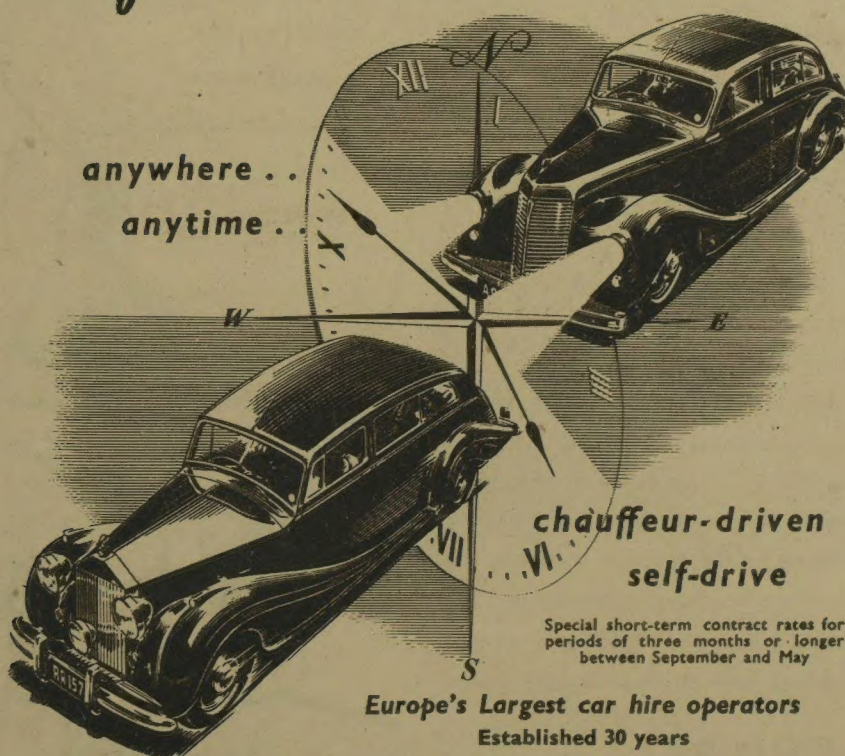
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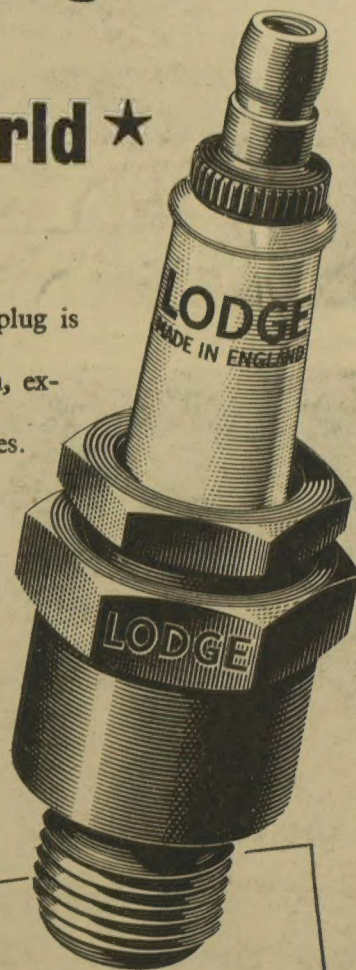
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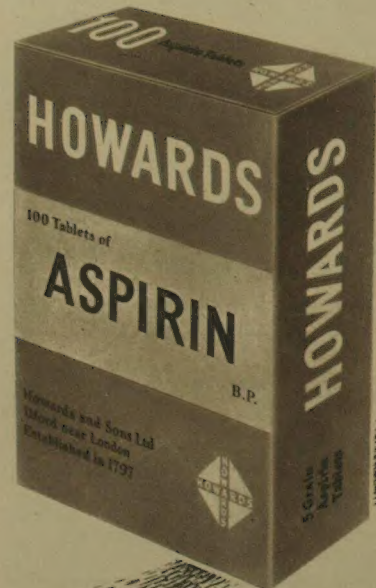
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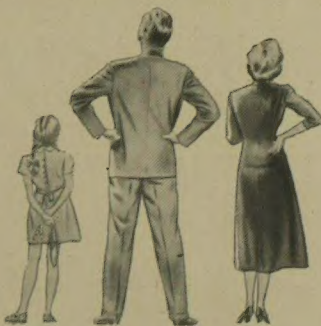


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